HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—NO. 491.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE MEMPHIS RIOTS.

THERE was in Memphis, on the first two days of May, an excitement unequaled since the close of the war. The origin of the disturbance between the whites and negroes of that city was highly discreditable to the colored soldiers, and the riotous proceedings which followed were a disgrace to civilization. For the riot the lower class of white citizens were as responsible as were the soldiers of the Third United States Colored Infantry for the original difficulty. This regiment, whose reputation has been a bad one, had been mustered out, since which they had frequented whisky-shops in the southern part of the city, and had been guilty of excesses and disorderly conduct. On the evening of May 1 some drunken members of the regiment were on South Street, talking noisily, when in an insolent manner they were ordered by two policemen to cease their noise and disperse. Words ensued, followed by blows, throwing of missiles, and firing of revolvers.

To understand what followed it must be remembered that the police force of Memphis is composed mostly of Irishmen, whose violent prejudice against negroes was so shamefully displayed in the New York riots of 1863. The *Times* correspondent thus described the riot:

> Word was sent to police head-quarters, and the whole force at once proceeded to the scene of the fray, being joined on the way thither by armed and excited citizens. Meanwhile the firing had brought other negroes to the spot, some armed with clubs and some with revolvers, so that by the time the police force came up the two parties were about equal in number. The negroes held the original position, and, upon the approach of the police, showing no determination to abandon it, were fired upon by the police and citizens who accompanied them. This fire was returned, and for a while both parties busied themselves in discharging their revolvers as rapidly as possible. Meanwhile word was sent to General STONEMAN, who promptly dispatched to the scene of action a company of Regulars (white), when the negroes were quickly dispersed and driven in every direction.
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> During the evening the wildest and most exaggerated reports soon spread throughout the city. Every communicator of the intelligence of the fight told a different story, and the highest excitement prevailed. Each rumor placed a worse aspect upon the affair than the preceding one, and only served to develop the pent-up prejudices against the negro. Soon after dark this excitement and prejudice found vent. Large numbers of armed citizens repaired to the scene of the fight and commenced firing upon every negro who made himself visible. One negro upon South Street, a quiet, inoffensive laborer, was shot down almost in front of his own cabin, and after life was extinct his body was fired into, cut and beat in a most horrible manner. In all parts of the city, wherever they could be seen, negroes were fired upon by policemen as well as citizens. They were shot while driving hacks, and quietly walking in the streets about their business. The police seemed to make it their special business to shoot every negro they could see, no matter where he was or what he was doing. The result was that by 9 o'clock the colored population were in-doors trembling with wild alarm. How many negroes were killed during the night it is impossible to ascertain, as firing was constantly heard during the earlier hours in all parts of the city. It is estimated that from 15 to 20 were killed. So far as I have been able to learn, not a white man was fired upon by a negro during the whole night.
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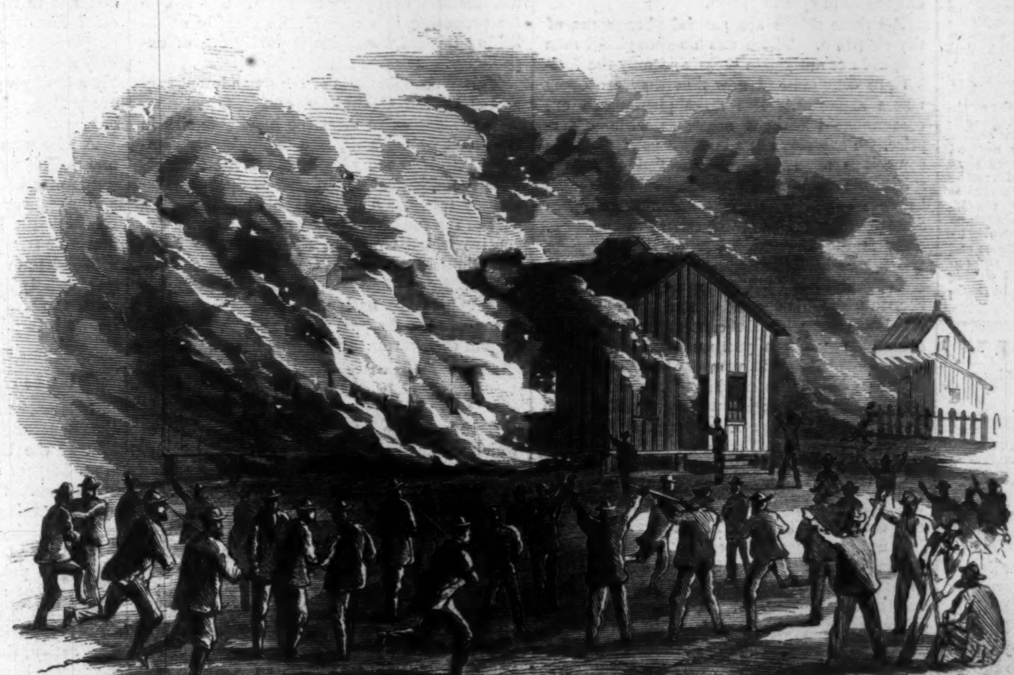
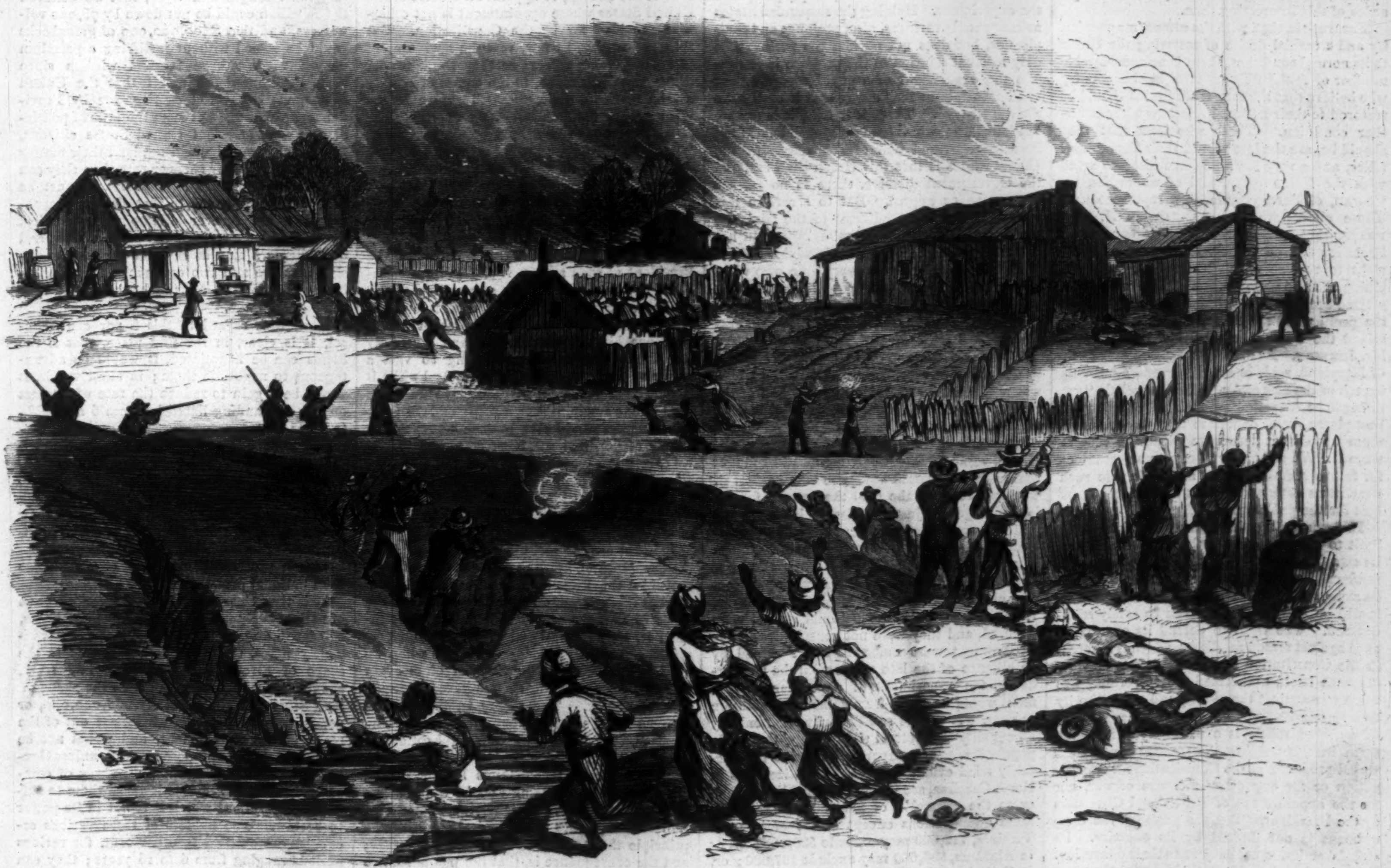
> After the fight of Tuesday evening the negro soldiers and most of the colored population residing in the vicinity of the fight fled to the fort for security. They were perfectly quiet—in fact, were terribly frightened for their own safety. At an early hour yesterday morning every thing



SCENES IN MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, DURING THE RIOT—BURNING A FREEDMEN'S SCHOOL-HOUSE.

[SKETCHED BY A. R. W.]



SCENES IN MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, DURING THE RIOT—SHOOTING DOWN NEGROES ON THE MORNING OF MAY 2, 1866.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. W.]

in the neighborhood of the late fight was quiet and peaceable. Few, indeed, were the negroes to be seen in the vicinity. The bodies of most of these killed the evening before lay unburied where they fell, in some cases horribly mutilated and disfigured. Before the hour of 9 citizens armed with revolvers, shot-guns, and muskets, with a squad of policemen, repaired to the locality. As soon as they reached the place they commenced firing upon every negro in sight. It was said that the negroes had shot two white men who were quietly passing along in that vicinity in the morning; but this was, doubtless, one of those wild and unfounded rumors called out by the unnecessary excitement of the previous evening, and the unjust prejudice of the unrepentant rebels against the freedmen, as no such bodies were found, nor could the rumor be traced to any reliable source. Immediately upon the commencement of firing by the citizens, the report spread rapidly through the city that the fight had been renewed, and a large *posse* of citizens were called out by the Sheriff, armed at a large gun-store, and ordered to the field of battle. By 11 o'clock a large force had collected in the vicinity, who dealt out destruction to every colored man within reach. Several negro women and children were shot, in several instances from eight to ten bullets hitting them. So far as I could see, there were no armed negroes in the neighborhood, and I have the testimony of many respectable and reliable gentlemen to the same effect. The negro soldiers, and many not soldiers, stood trembling in the fort, filled with the direst apprehensions, and beyond even musket-range of those who were engaged in shooting down innocent and helpless men, women, and children. The arrival of a company of regulars upon the ground restored order, and the citizens and police gradually retired. How many negroes were killed in this vicinity during the morning is not known. The number, however, was considerable. During the entire day they were shot down in various parts of the city. But one white man was killed in the entire day, and he was shot by another white man for the simple reason that he stood talking with an old negro acquaintance. Such familiarity could not be tolerated. And I have, after careful inquiry, failed to find a single instance where a white man was shot at during the day by a negro.

Soon after dark the red glare of fire shot up in the southern part of the city, then the flames burst out in the eastern part, and then they rolled up in the northern portion of the city. Some thirty houses, occupied by negroes, every school-house for colored children, and every place of worship for the freedmen were given to the devouring element. Lincoln Chapel, costing $12,000, only served to whet the appetite of the greedy destroyer, for soon the oldest place of worship in the city—a large brick church on the corner of Main and Overton streets, lately occupied by the freedmen, rolled away into a heap of blackened and charred ruins. And while the fire rolled onward and upward the masses smiled and approved. At this writing no estimate of the damage caused by the fire can be made, so great is the confusion and excitement.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1866.

THE TRIAL OF THE GOVERNMENT.

IT seems to us they greatly mistake the temper of the loyal majority of the American people who suppose that because there are differences among them upon certain points of policy, they will, therefore, from sheer impatience, grow careless of securing the victory they have won. If the correspondent of the London *Times* reports truly, even the President himself makes the mistake of considering the loyal majority as aiming merely at a party advantage and not at the public welfare. He forgets that he could be as easily accused of holding his course merely with a design to secure his own re-election. Indeed the freedom with which the President assails the motives of those who decline to receive his views as the perfection of statesmanship is one of the unpleasantest episodes of this interesting time.

The truth is, that, with the utmost magnanimity and a cordial desire of restoring the Union to its normal condition, there is no considerable number of faithful Union men in the country who believe that the late rebel States should be restored to their national relations without further condition. Those who hold that they should be, are the late rebels, their Copperhead allies, and a very few who have hitherto acted with the Union party, and of whom Senator COWAN, of Pennsylvania, is a representative. These all believe with **ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS**, that as Congress did not consent to Secession the seceding States had a continuous right to resume all their relations with the Union at their pleasure. There is no middle ground between this preposterous opinion and the position of the faithful citizens who sustained the war and elected Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. JOHNSON. As Mr. JOHN L. THOMAS, Jun., of Maryland, said, in his manly and admirable speech of the 21st of April, the late rebels "are either to be consulted as to what conditions will best please them, or we are to make known to them upon what terms we please to receive them......We are either to exact no guarantees for future security, or we are to impose such guarantees as Congress in its wisdom may deem best for the public good."

In determining these guarantees there is no limit to the authority of the Government but its own discretion. The rebel forces have surrendered, but the Government has not laid down its arms, and General **SHERIDAN** assures us that it will be long before they can be safely relinquished. The right to defend its own existence against armed assailants, which is inherent in the Constitution and in the nature of Government itself, authorized the Government to wage war against the rebels, and the authority to maintain its security by exacting guarantees of defeated rebels is a necessary part of the same inherent right. There was no express verbal provision of the Constitution for emancipation or for any other measure of war, nor for the appointment of Provisional Governors by the President. But the power of the Government is not limited by its enemies. Its rightful action is not subject to their discretion. Because they lay down their arms, they can not compel the Government to connive at its own subversion. The Union is restored, and the rights of the States are resumed, not when **ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS** and the Copperheads say so, but when the loyal people of the United States in Congress assembled are content to declare it.

That declaration should be made only after the most careful investigation and reflection. It is not surprising that the late insurgent States should still seethe with angry passions. It was to be expected that Union men would still be hated and maltreated. It is natural that men like **HENRY A. WISE** should continue to rave and swear at the Union, against which they have so long plotted and declaimed. It is not strange that conspicuous rebels should be enthusiastically elected to the highest local offices, and that men whose hands are still trembling with the effort to overthrow the Government should insolently denounce those who have maintained it at the most costly sacrifice as enemies of the Constitution. It was above all to be expected that the freedmen, whose fidelity to the Union has been proved, should be the victims of those whose war for slavery has ended in emancipation.

All these things are natural phenomena of the situation. There was no thoughtful man who did not anticipate them, and only the foolish are disappointed now that they are every where apparent. But these phenomena are contemplated without anger as without surprise. They serve to admonish us all that the conditions upon which States full of such a spirit may resume their national relations must be determined with great sagacity and prudence. Great risks are of course to be taken. That is the inevitable law of the situation. "Bring us back!" sneered **LOUIS WIGFALL** in the dark days of 1860, when the Senate chamber, to which his comrades now again seek admission, rang with the contemptuous fury of secession: "When you undertake that, and have accomplished it, you may be like the man who purchased the elephant—you will find it rather difficult to decide what you will do with the animal." None of us supposed that the end of the war would solve all problems. The question to be decided would plainly then be the one which we are now reaching, whether, the attempt of forcible secession having failed, and the rebel States having resumed their relations upon prescribed conditions, the controlling majority of the American people would still maintain the Government and the Union under the constitutional forms, or permit it to be subverted.

We have now, therefore, to decide under what conditions that final and crucial experiment shall be tried. Sooner or later the normal condition of the country must be restored, and there is no conceivable method by which the strain and friction of the trial that will follow can be avoided. Certain conditions we may see at once would be useless. General disfranchisement, for instance, simply postpones the experiment. Holding the suspended States as conquered provinces, also, prolongs and complicates, but does not obviate the peril. The only rational solution of the problem is to confide the experiment of a popular government to its principle in such a way that it shall have the fairest trial. Then, if it fails, it is not we but human nature which is responsible. If the lawfully-expressed will of the people of the United States is that this Union shall end and the Government dissolve, there is no further alternative or appeal. But to ascertain this will, to satisfy the conditions of the trial, the whole people must be consulted. It will not do to follow **JAMES M. MASON**'s advice to Virginia, and hang or shoot every man who votes in a certain way, or **CLINGMAN**'s promise that in North Carolina Union men should be hushed by "the swift attention of Vigilance Committees."

The risk that we undertook when we fought to defend the Government and save the Union was not, if we succeeded, to govern half of the country as a subjugated province or colony without national rights or representation, but it was to trust the Union to the people of the Union, some of whom hated it and had fought against it, and would doubtless vote against it. The less delay in the trial the better; for delay endangers a just decision by breeding impatience among loyal citizens anxious to renew their old activity and repair their fortunes. The important element of the experiment was thus evident. It was the late slave population. The war had made them freemen and citizens. If the old order of the national system were restored, and they were not consulted, and the Government were embarrassed or ruined by an alliance of the late rebels with the Copperheads, the experiment of a popular government would be as far from satisfactory solution as ever. It can be satisfactorily tried only by an equality of electoral right among the whole population. The experiment is not satisfactorily tried evidently if 631,000 citizens, as in North Carolina, are invested with political power to the exclusion of 331,000 who have the same qualifications except color; or if, as in Virginia, 719,000 may exclude 533,000; or, as in Alabama, 596,000 may exclude 437,000; or, in Georgia, 591,000 may exclude 465,000; or, in Louisiana, 357,000 may exclude 350,000; or, in Mississippi, 353,000 may exclude 436,000; or, in South Carolina, 291,000 may exclude 411,000.

Under the circumstances of the case, as we have defined them, this electoral equality may be secured either directly or indirectly. Congress may, as a measure of national security, determine who shall vote, either by express specification or by sanctioning the provisions of a State Constitution, and guarding against its unfair operation. This is obviously a purely exceptional measure. In the normal operation of our system the regulation of suffrage is left to the States, and it would be touched by the National Government in this instance for the same reason that property in slaves was touched—for the public safety. The right of a State to regulate suffrage is no more sacred than that of a property holder to his property. The Constitution protects neither when in extreme national peril its sacrifice becomes necessary. Congress has chosen, and we think wisely, to leave the regulation of the suffrage to the State, but proposes to reduce the basis of representation in proportion to the number of male adults disfranchised except for rebellion. The reason for proposing this rather than directly establishing impartial suffrage is purely one of expediency. It saves friction.

This is the substance of the amendment suggested by the Committee of Reconstruction. This enables us to meet the inevitable risk in the safest way. This, also, undoubtedly commends itself to every loyal man in the country. This is the logical completion of the measures already taken. And when this has become a part of the fundamental law, then, with an executive which will honestly defend the equal civil rights of all citizens, and confide the national offices to hands which have always faithfully upheld the nation, we shall be ready to encounter the sharpest peril to which a popular system of government has ever been exposed.

THE APPOINTING POWER.

THE question of Executive patronage, of which we have several times spoken, is beginning to excite deeply the public interest and attention. It is to be considered without the slightest reference to the present President. Mr. JOHNSON can not be accused of grasping at an increase of that patronage, for he vetoed both the bills which would have greatly enlarged it, although he has been charged with using that which exists for his own political support and not for the public service. If that should be true in his case, the exercise of the power should be restricted by every lawful means; and that it may not hereafter be true in any case, under any Administration, the Executive patronage should be very seriously abridged.

The Constitution empowers the President to nominate, and, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to appoint all officers of the United States whose appointment is not otherwise provided for by the Constitution. But "Congress may, by law, vest the appointment of such inferior officers as they think proper in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments." Here is one plain remedy for the peril of the enormous executive patronage now held by the President. Assessors, collectors, postmasters, and a large class of officers, as Senator **SHERMAN** recently remarked in opposing Senator **TRUMBULL**'s amendment, may be removed from the Executive control. Is there any good reason why they should not be?

As for the apparent discourtesy toward the President of such an act, it should be remembered that it would always seem discourteous to limit a prerogative which had been long exercised. But fortunately the present President has himself very forcibly and truthfully stated the danger of committing so vast a power to the hands of one man. And while it is indeed unfortunate that the antagonism which has become apparent between him and the present Congress would give to such a proposition an air of personal suspicion and censure, yet we can trust his good sense to accept a reform, whose unquestionable advantage to the purity of the Government he has most ably advocated, even when it seems to be generated by distrust of himself.

It is not easy to see, upon a careful study of the Constitution, how the power of arbitrary removal by the Executive can be derived from it; but there is undoubtedly a question of the scope of that power. The popular theory indeed is, that all national offices are the perquisites of the Presidency; and that when we elect a President we do virtually elect every village postmaster and custom-house boatman in the country. The theory is, that we are torn up by the roots every four years. The result is, that a vote for a successful candidate is held to be a valid claim to office; and the candid applicant recommends his merit and his modesty by declaring that he never asked for an office before. This terrible demoralization of our politics is the logical result of the principle that to the victors belong the spoils; and the consequence is, that the public service is intrusted to the most incompetent hands and the taxes are enormously increased.

This practice has now become so inwoven in our whole system that reform, or even relief, seems hopeless and helpless to many honest minds. But there is a way to begin even to clean out the "Augean stable." There may be, as we said, a perplexing constitutional question of the limits of the Presidential power of removal from office. There is a long tradition of thirty years' unquestioned use of this power. But there can be no obscuring an express provision of the Constitution authorizing Congress to place the appointment of thousands and thousands of officers beyond Executive control. Here is a plain way to begin this radical and regenerating reform. If it does not prevent the myriad little offices from becoming the spoils of a party, it at least distributes their division, and in the case of appointments vested in the courts of law, it secures comparative permanence. When we have gained one step the next can be more easily taken. When it begins to appear that the perils of a Presidential election are due to the fact that so large an army as the office-holders are voting for their bread and butter, and not to the fact that we are changing the chief Executive of the Government, sensible people—and, spite of Chancellor **OXENSTIERN**, they are the final Government—will very sensibly ask why we should be shaken to the centre every four years. Can't we roast our pig without burning the house down?

A wise man maintains the value and beauty and usefulness of his house by constantly touching it with brush or plane or trowel, wherever and whenever it shows the need of repair. In this way his home is always comfortable, his domestic tranquillity undisturbed, and his house a model to every neighbor. A wise nation is wonderfully like a wise man. It does not wait until the roof begins to tumble about its ears before it inquires whether it leaks.

UNITED STATES CONSOLS.

IT is not as clear as it seemed a few days ago that Senator **SHERMAN**'s bill for the consolidation of the United States debt into a 5 per cent. 30-year consol will become a law without opposition. Some pains have been taken to collate opinions in Wall Street, and the result of the inquiry is, that a 5 per cent. 30-year bond would not under present circumstances command public favor. Some journals announce that applications for the new consols have already been forwarded to the Department. But it would probably appear, on investigation, that such applications, if not wholly mythical, have proceeded from houses which have bought Ten-Forties on speculation, and are naturally solicitous for their advance.

We may be said, as a nation, to have now reached years of discretion, and it is time that an end were set to youthful follies. Time was, not long since, when we had such faith in our national strength and vigor, that we believed the rebellion could be put down by 75,000 volunteers, and that $400,000,000 of greenbacks could be issued without justifying a premium on gold. We have learned wisdom since then. All men now admit that the United States, vastly favored as they are by Providence, are not exempt from the laws of political economy, and that United States citizens, loyal as they may be, will not lend their money to the nation at any cheaper rate than they can lend it to individuals. This much must be said by way of answer to that class of reasoners, who are forever discussing economical questions from a sentimental point of view, and denouncing a man as disloyal because he insists that two and two only make four, desirable as it would be for the country that they should make five.

Now, with regard to this 5 per cent. consol, it is clear, in the first place, that if the bonds can be negotiated, it would be advantageous to negotiate them; in other words, it would be a gain to reduce the rate of interest on our outstanding liabilities from 6 and $7\frac{30}{100}$ to 5 per cent.

But to do this, without repudiation, the consent of our creditors is essential. And no man, who is not crazy, will expect bondholders who are entitled to receive 6 per cent. per annum from Government to gratuitously forego their claims and accept 5. No adult of sound intelligence can be expected to make the commonwealth a present of one-sixth of his income from national investments.

It is thus clear that of the $2,200,000,000 of national debt not represented by greenbacks, $814,000,000, which is in the shape of Seven-Thirty notes, $171,000,000, which is in the shape of Five-Twenties of 1864 and 1865, about $302,000,000, which is in the shape of long Sixes; in all, about $1,288,000,000, or nearly two-thirds of the whole, are out of the reach of the Government, and would not be converted into the proposed consol, unless Government offered its creditors, by way of compensation for the sacrifice it asked them to suffer, an equivalent which it is not in its power to bestow. The holders of these various securities are entitled to 6 per cent. for various periods ranging from 4 to 15 years; they can not be expected to surrender their rights without compensation.

Of the remainder of the debt—say $1,100,000,000 (exclusive of greenbacks)—about half, $520,000,000, is in the shape of Five-Twenty Bonds, which are redeemable next year. It is not settled whether they are redeemable in gold or greenbacks. Mr. Chase unofficially assured holders that they were payable in gold. It is not likely, however, that the Government will do more than it is obliged to do, and as the law is not explicit, it is as well to assume that they will be paid in paper. A further sum of $62,000,000 in debt certificates is also redeemable within the year; $130,000,000 of deposit certificates; and about one-third of the outstanding compound-interest notes—say $60,000,000. Thus, in all, assuming that the new consol prove a success, and be negotiable at par, within twelve months, it is in the power of the Secretary to fund therein $772,000,000 of the public debt. Should Mr. M'Culloch share Mr. Chase's views, and consider the Five-Twenties payable in gold, the aggregate would be reduced to $252,000,000. In 1867–8 and 1868–9 the balance of the compound-interest notes—$120,000,000—might be funded. In 1869 and 1870 the new Five-Twenties—$171,000,000—would mature, and might be disposed of. In 1872 and '73 the Five-Twenties created by the conversion of Seven-Thirties would mature, and might be paid off or converted. And, lastly, in 1874 the Ten-Forties might be exchanged.

Clearly, then, the consolidation of the public debt into a 5 per cent. consol is going to be a slow business under the most favorable circumstances.

But what if a 5 per cent. loan could not be negotiated at par? What if the design of the bill was to prevent any successful negotiation by the Secretary? These are questions of moment. It was Senator Sherman who defeated the Secretary's plan for the contraction of the currency and the gradual absorption of the greenbacks with a view to resumption. It is the same Senator Sherman who now restricts the funding powers of the Department to a 5 per cent. bond at par, well knowing that the only 5 per cents. in existence are selling at 95½, after having been for a year between 90 and 92. Of course, if a 5 per cent. loan could not be negotiated at par, the debt certificates and deposits on call would have to be renewed, the compound-interest notes would not be disturbed, no effort would be made to pay off the old Five-Twenties next year, and a plethora of money would prevail at the monetary centres, which would make the fortunes of the speculators who are said to have influential friends in the House and the Senate at Washington.

Senator Sherman's bill seeks to enlist public favor for the new 5 per cents. by exempting them from taxation. Has any one reflected upon the practical effects of such an exemption? Supposing the bill passed and the bonds were negotiated, what would be the result? Why, simply that the capitalists and rich men of the country would be exempt from taxes, while poor men paid them. How long would such an inequality be endured? Among the causes of the French Revolution De Tocqueville enumerates, first, the exemption of the nobles from taxation, and adds that subsequent French governments, taught by experience, have carefully avoided this error. And this is the policy which Senator Sherman now recommends us to adopt!

A SUPERFLUOUS JURY.

It is very authoritatively announced that the Government of the United States is about submitting the decision of the justice of the late war to twelve chance men in Richmond, Virginia. For what purpose this is to be done is not clear. If the twelve men decide that the Government had no right to wage war, what then? If they declare that it was justified, what then? Will any body's opinion be changed? In the former case, will those of us who supported the war regret our conduct, or feel that we connived at the murder of the brave men whom all true hearts forever honor? In the latter case, will those who opposed the war acknowledge their prolonged and miserable mistake? The sole question which can engage the consideration of the twelve men is, whether Secession is a right reserved to the States by the Constitution? But can that question be more absolutely and finally decided than it has already been by the war?

The plea of Jefferson Davis precedes the question of treason. He would willingly agree that treason should be punished. But he would contend that he has not committed treason. Treason against the United States, says the Constitution, "shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort." But this is true only of a citizen of the United States. Davis argues that he was not a citizen. He contends that his sovereign State had withdrawn and had thereby relieved him from allegiance to the United States. Therefore, while he would not deny that he levied war, he would insist that he did so not as a citizen of the United States but of a political community with which the United States were at war. Consequently he is an alien enemy, not a traitor.

Suppose, however, that the twelve men decide that this plea is of no avail; that a State is not sovereign, and can not withdraw from the Union, and that the allegiance of every citizen is due to the national authority; yet, we ask again, what have they decided which the whole country has not already decided by the most tremendous ordeal? This decision certainly gains nothing in weight or solemnity by the approval of the twelve men. Mr. Alexander H. Stephens and his friends do not change their opinion. Certainly loyal men do not change theirs. In the estimation of the first, Jefferson Davis does not become a criminal, even though hung upon a gallows; in the judgment of the last, he is not a hero or a patriot though he go untouched. Upon what point, then, and to what purpose, are the twelve men summoned to decide?

Is it to determine whether there is such a crime as treason? But the Constitution defines it, and there is no question. Is it to decide whether Davis is guilty of treason? But that question is already settled by the refusal of the country to admit the plea under which he levied war. Is it to make treason and traitors odious? But how can that be done by convicting and hanging Jefferson Davis when General Humphreys, of Mississippi, who is guilty of exactly the same offense, is elected Governor of Mississippi by his fellow-traitors—all of whom are equally guilty with Davis—and who is pardoned by the President that he may exercise his office? The odium of treason in the person of Davis hanging upon the gibbet is entirely destroyed in the person of Humphreys sitting in the Governor's chair.

But suppose the twelve men differ, or agree that Davis is not guilty of treason. Is it worth while for the Government of the United States to have placed itself in such a ludicrously humiliating position? If the jury be packed, the trial is a farce. If it be free, there is the chance and the probability of this humiliation. Now, is there any conceivable advantage to be gained by the trial which can authorize the Government to take such a chance as this? If the accused be convicted he is not disgraced. His offense is political, and no reasoning can persuade men to regard political offenses as crimes. Does any man suppose that if convicted Davis would be hung? To hang him would be an error as huge as to try him. To-day he is a baffled conspirator, and practically the deadest of dead men. Hang him and he becomes a living power to sedition, and an eternal remorse to the country. Every reader of history condemns Charles I. until he mounts the scaffold; then he pities him. Did his father's scaffold frighten or deter James II.? We have subdued this vast rebellion by force of arms. The blood it shed has been avenged upon the same field by blood. Its argument, its objects, and the characters of those who caused and controlled it, are committed to the terrible justice of history and the conscience of mankind. Our present duty is not to hang those whom we did not shoot, but to secure ourselves by political measures against political perils.

Of course we speak of Davis merely as a political offender. If he be guilty of complicity with the horrible massacres at Andersonville and Salisbury and Belle Isle, or with the crowning crime of the assassination, humanity itself calls for his punishment. The evidence of this latter charge is in the hands of the Judiciary Committee of the House. Before the Richmond trial we hope that Committee will give the country a plain statement of the grounds upon which the President offered a reward for Davis's arrest as a conspirator in the assassination plot.

HOW TO ESCAPE THE CHOLERA.

The cholera first appeared in this country over thirty years ago, and such a vast mass of facts has been gathered that some think it unreasonable that the doctors have not fully settled upon the means of preventing its incursion and diffusion. But it is forgotten that in this world it takes a long time to settle even the most simple points in any new subject that comes up. And besides, there is, after all, more ascertained by medical men in regard to the cholera than is commonly supposed; but this is very much kept out of view by the excitement that prevails in relation to the few points that are in dispute.

The world, both professional and non-professional, is in truth too much occupied with the question, whether the cholera is contagious? and every doctor is plied with it by patient and friend and stranger. And you must either be a contagionist or a non-contagionist, or you will give no satisfaction to the questioner or disputant that introduces the subject. This comes from a narrow view of the facts. One who has a certain set of facts come under his observation, decides that the disease spreads by contagion; while another, from another set of facts, comes to an opposite decision. This is all wrong. Where there are numerous facts, and many of them apparently inconsistent, they must be extensively compared and sifted in order to reach correct conclusions. Taking this broad view of the facts revealed by the whole history of the disease, it is clear that its ordinary propagation is by some cause, as yet wholly unknown, which does not emanate from the sick, and that it is only now and then contagious. For, not to go into any discussion of this point, while there are occasional facts that show that cholera is communicated from one person to another, it very commonly overleaps the strictest quarantines and sanitary cordons, and often fails to follow the freest lines of communication.

Far be it from us to say that all quarantine regulations are to be discarded. Some are necessary. And yet some which are resorted to are useless; others still are absolutely injurious, multiplying the victims of the disease; and none are to be relied upon as certain preventives of its introduction. The idea, indulged by some, of sealing up this whole country against the cholera by a universal quarantine is preposterous.

So much for quarantine measures. But there are other measures about which there is no dispute, and they are of immense importance in limiting the ravages of cholera if not in preventing its introduction. And yet their value seems to be far from being properly appreciated by the community at large.

Promoting cleanliness is one, and we use this expression in its broadest sense. You must have a clean skin, clean clothes, clean air, clean houses, yards, and streets. No filth must be covered up with an outside show of cleanliness. Dirt in cellars, in corners, may do the mischief. A musty carpet, charged with the accumulating filth of months of shiftlessness, may procure the cholera for a family. After all, this interior uncleanliness has more to do with the origination of the disease than what is outside. Bad as are the emanations from decaying vegetable and animal substances, they are nothing like as inviting to cholera and other diseases as those from personal filth, within and without, but especially within, where, pent up from the free air, they act with all their force.

Much is said about disinfectants; but, useful as they are, they never can take the place of cleanliness. We say, then, both to communities and to individuals, *Clean up, clean up;* and when you have done so, *keep clean*—for the cholera is likely to come again; and, if not, there are other diseases, as typhus fever and cholera infantum, constantly, and therefore less observably, destructive of life, of which filth is a chief cause.

New York and Philadelphia once presented a decided contrast in regard to the influence of cleansing measures. Philadelphia adopted them thoroughly, and had but 700 deaths from cholera; while New York, neglecting them, had 5000 deaths.

There is no fact more prominently brought out by the whole history of cholera than that intemperance in drinking is one of the principal causes of its diffusion. It acts in two ways: directly, by predisposing the individual to an attack, a large proportion of the victims being from the intemperate; and, indirectly, by promoting the uncleanliness, poor and irregular living, and crowding together of families. If, then, we could shut up the drinking places we should effectually cut off one of the chief sources—nay, the chiefest source—of the nuisances that so largely generate cholera and various other fatal diseases.

Intemperance in eating predisposes to the disease. But so also does a diet too restricted in quantity or variety. A poor diet will enfeeble the system, and thus make it liable to an attack. A diet restricted in variety does not meet the wants of the system, and so fails to fortify it properly against disease. The true course is to have just such a diet as a rational moderate liver would adopt in ordinary times. Good fresh vegetables and ripe fruits should be eaten as usual, as a part of the *daily* diet, and not irregularly.

No reliance should be placed upon vaunted prophylactics—that is, remedies supposed to ward off the disease. Intoxicating drinks are often taken for this purpose, and they are really among the most likely means of bringing on an attack. Good habits of living, the cheerful performance of duty, and a calm trust in Providence, are the best prophylactics. These are the grand preservatives of the physicians who fearlessly stand at their post in the midst of the pestilence, and very seldom does one of their number fall a victim to it.

LEFT-HAND WRITING.

The specimens of left-hand writing by disabled soldiers, of which we have formerly spoken, were lately exhibited in Washington, and excited very general interest and attention. Speaker Colfax, General Banks, General Howard, the representative left-handed soldier, with other noted men, made interesting and eloquent speeches, and it was resolved that the collection should be sent out for exhibition at the Great Fair in Paris. Meanwhile those left-handed heroes who have not contributed are invited to send specimens of their writing for reference and preservation to William Oland Bourne, Esq., of the *Soldiers' Friend*, who has devoted himself with untiring energy to this patriotic and illustrative work.

LITERARY.

Upon page 330 of this Number we begin the publication of a charming little story called "The Three Little Spades," by Miss Warner, author of "The Wide, Wide World."

With the Number for June, 1866, *Harper's Magazine* begins its thirty-third volume. It is the one hundred and ninety-third number of the whole issue of this popular periodical, whose hold upon the public does not appear to relax. The circulation is very large, and has increased by twenty thousand copies since the first of the year. The June Number opens with a paper by General Strother upon his "Personal Recollections of the War." The author is a Virginian, and was a steady Unionist throughout the struggle. His peculiar position, his shrewd humor and observation, and his artistic skill both with pen and pencil make this article, which is one of a series, very entertaining and valuable. A brief paper upon "Gladstone as Leader of the Commons" is a vivid and picturesque sketch, and is the best portrait of the English statesman who now excites such interest and admiration. "The Fall of Richmond" describes that event from the inside. It is written by a resident of that city whose heart sank with Lee's retreating army. The other articles make an excellent variety, and we see no signs of senility in *Harper's Magazine.*

An "Index to the daily *Times* for 1865" is a very useful work, and is the model of an index. We believe it is the first instance of the kind, with a single exception. The book contains twenty thousand references to the events mentioned during that period, each specifying the date, page, and column of the paper in which it is to be found. It is handsomely printed, and bound in 8vo form, and contains 182 double-column pages. The index applies to other papers as well as the *Times*, the daily news for all the papers being essentially the same.

A modest, anonymous novel, "Œnone: a Tale of Slave Life in Rome," is published by John Bradburn. Although its date is so remote its interest is vivid, while the novelty of its scenery and incidents, and the skill with which the tale is unfolded, give it a peculiar charm. The evident familiarity of the author with the details of Roman life under the empire does not make him pedantic, but imparts a fine local coloring to the events of his story. The plot reveals the essential inhumanity of Slavery, whatever the time or the race enslaved—a truth which it is most useful to study in the passionless perspective of centuries. The merit of this modest book is likely to be overlooked, but we heartily commend it to our readers.

"Across the Continent" is the title of the book of Mr. Samuel Bowles, editor of the Springfield *Republican*, recording his observations during his late journey with Speaker Colfax. It is by far the most graphic and shrewd report upon the journey over the plains, the Mormon Question, the Pacific Railroad, and Territorial Mining, that we have, while the quick and humorous eye, the true and tender heart, and the picturesque and nimble hand of the author, give it a various interest which can not fail to send the book every where over the country. Mr. Bowles is an American and a Yankee in every heart-beat, and the sound good sense which is manifest through the whole work gives the greatest value to all his opinions upon the imminent and interesting questions he touches.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

May 8:

In the House, debate was opened on the joint resolution reported by the Reconstruction Committee proposing a Constitutional Amendment.—In the evening the Tax bill was taken up, and the first section, imposing a tax of five cents per pound on cotton, was adopted.

May 9:

In the Senate, the House resolution appointing a Commissioner to select a site for the New York Post-office was passed.—A bill to incorporate the National Theological Institute of the District of Columbia was passed. The object of the Institute is the education of colored men for the Christian ministry.

May 10:

In the Senate, the Post-office Appropriation bill was taken up, the pending question being on Mr. Trumbull's amendment, providing that no compensation be paid to any Assistant Postmaster until his appointment is confirmed by the Senate, unless commissioned to fill a vacancy occasioned by death, resignation, or expiration of office during the recess of the Senate. The Senate was addressed by Mr. Howard and Mr. Cowan. The vote being reached the amendment was disagreed to—yeas 16, nays 23. The bill was then passed.

In the House, the joint resolution to amend the Constitution was passed, including the Disfranchisement clause, 128 to 37.

NEWS ITEMS.

The body of Preston King, late Collector of the Port, who, it will be remembered, committed suicide in November last, by jumping off a Hoboken ferry-boat into the river, was discovered at 5 A.M. May 14, drifting in through the gap of the Atlantic dock, Brooklyn, by Officer Kenny.

On the 10th of May Jefferson Davis was indicted for treason by the Grand Jury of the United States District Court now in session at Norfolk, and the trial of the prisoner, it is supposed, will take place in June.

James Stephens, the Fenian Chief, arrived in New York last week. His arrival was soon followed by the resignation of O'Mahony.

The appointment of Collector Smythe for the Port of New York was confirmed by the Senate May 11.

FOREIGN NEWS.

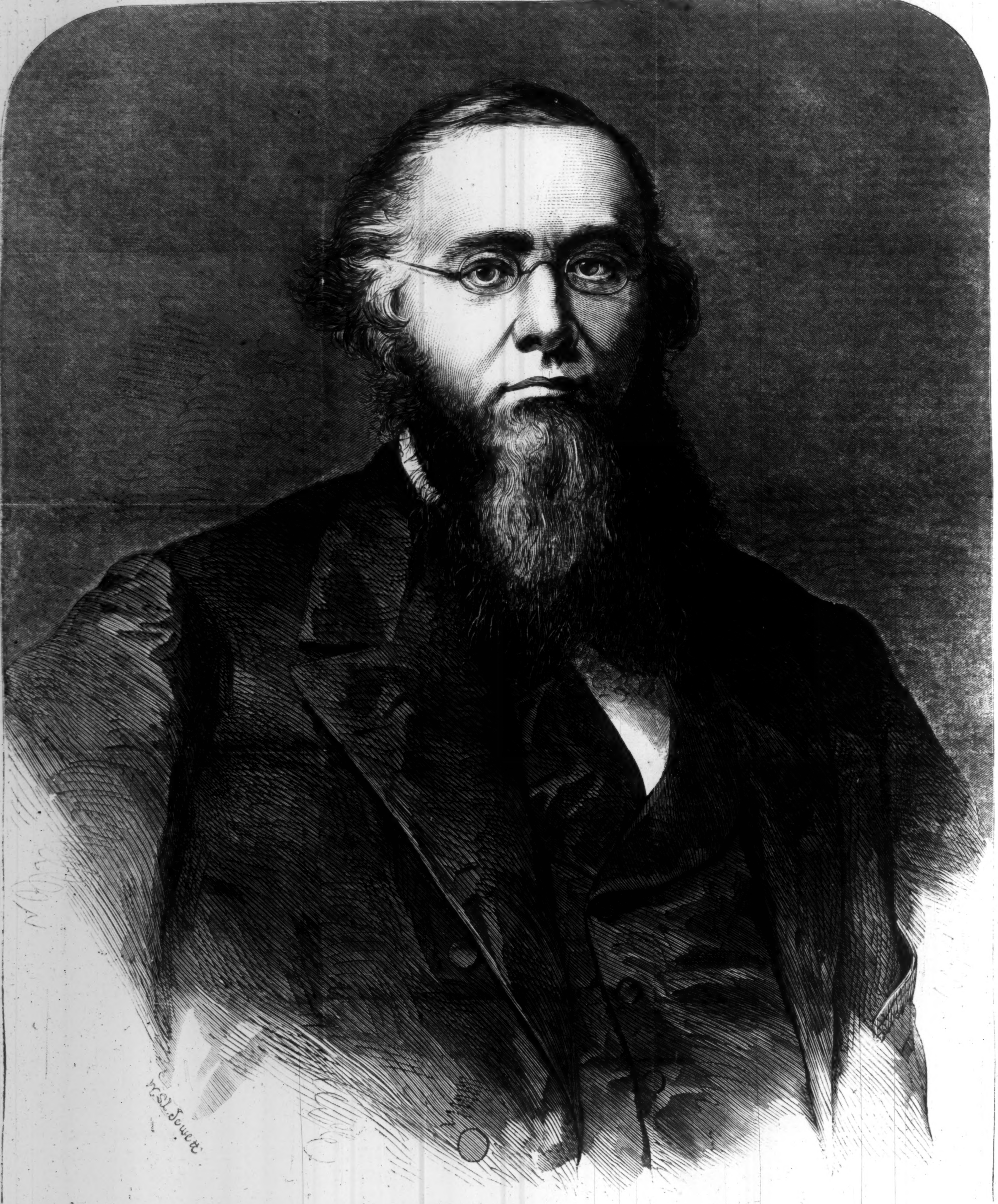
The Russell administration has concluded not to resign, but deemed it prudent to make some concession to the Whig section of the Opposition, in the matter of the proposed Redistribution of Seats. The latter measure will be shown to the House before the Franchise bill is pressed in Committee.

The Washington correspondent of the London *Times* gives that paper an interesting account of an interview which he had recently with President Johnson.

The German question was still unsettled, and in fact more threatening than at any previous time. Neither Prussia nor Austria would yield any of their demands, nor would either Power consent to disarm. The war spirit was at fever-heat in Italy; but it was reported that France had given a gentle hint that the time to strike for Venetia had not yet come. A meeting of a European Congress was talked of, for the settlement of the questions now so angrily debated.

Since the advent of warm weather the cholera has broken out at the coast towns of Holland and in the interior of Brittany, between the French ports of Brest and St. Nazaire. All winter and spring the disease has been making a few victims in the Dutch Province of Luxemburg and in the French Province of Brittany, and the great question has been what direction the epidemic would be likely to take when hot weather returned. We now see that from Luxemburg the disease has crossed the Rhine into Holland, and that in Brittany it is going back from rather than to the coast.

Cholera has appeared among the German emigrants awaiting embarkation for America in Liverpool. The Germans went on board the Steamship *Helvetia* (same line as the *England* and *Virginia*) for New York, but the disease manifested itself on board almost immediately after her departure from Liverpool, and two deaths occurred before she crossed to Queenstown. She had to put back to Liverpool. The National Steam Navigation Company has decided to stop German emigration by their vessels, and the British Government ordered a strict examination of all German emigrants before their admission to England.



EDWIN M. STANTON.—[Photographed by Brady & Co., Washington. D. C.]

EDWIN M. STANTON.

It has been usual with some of the admirers of the Secretary of War to compare him with **Carnot**, the war minister of the French revolution. The analogy may hold good in respect of the enthusiasm, energy, zeal, and inflexible honesty evinced by each in the performance of public duty; but the burdens which our war imposed upon Mr. **Stanton** far exceeded in their magnitude and complication the utmost of those that were borne by the celebrated Frenchman.

Mr. **Stanton** came into office on the 20th of January, 1862, a month before the decisive and cheering victory of Fort Donelson. Though never identified with the party by which Mr. **Lincoln** was elected, his appointment was urgently recommended by both Mr. **Seward** and Mr. **Chase**, as well as by Mr. **Cameron**, whose retirement caused the vacancy which he was to fill. He had always been a thorough-going Democrat of the **Jackson** school; but these Republican leaders well knew the earnestness of devotion to the Union, and the extraordinary power he had manifested during the disastrous closing days of Mr. **Buchanan**'s administration. In those days of gloom and anxiety he was Attorney-General, while Mr. **Holt** was Secretary of War, and Mr. **Dix** Secretary of the Treasury; and it was chiefly to him, and to these patriotic associates of his, that we owe the preservation of the Government from total shipwreck before the 4th of March, 1861, so that the helm of power could be put into the hands of Mr. **Lincoln**. The services which Mr. **Stanton** then rendered were known especially to Mr. **Seward**, with whom, as the designated Secretary of State of the new Executive, he was in constant communication. It was also felt to be desirable to give a prominent part in the work of the Administration to some representative man of the War Democrats who were then nobly sustaining Mr. **Lincoln** in his efforts to vindicate the national integrity; and accordingly, when Mr. **Cameron** left the War Department, Mr. **Stanton** took charge of it.

At the time when Mr. **Lincoln** appointed him to this office these two remarkable men, who were destined to an intimacy which history will never cease to remember, had not seen each other. The first meeting between them was when Mr. **Stanton** went to the White House to receive his commission. We believe, also, that the first notice which the new Secretary received of his intended appointment was but the day before the nomination was sent to the Senate, when he was informed of it just as he was about to rise for the argument of a cause in the Supreme Court. The relations thus commenced between the President and the Secretary of War always remained exceedingly cordial; or, rather, they constantly became warmer and more confidential, down to the last fatal day which ended Mr. **Lincoln**'s earthly career. While he was rarely seen at the offices of the other executive departments, at the War Office he was not merely a frequent, but a constant visitor. His tall form, wrapped in his familiar gray shawl, was usually to be seen making its way along the back alley that leads there from the White House, at from 9 to 10 o'clock in the morning, or about 4 in the afternoon; and persons who were admitted to see the Secretary on important business in his private room at those hours would sometimes find the President stretched upon the sofa there, as if the discussion between him and the Secretary had not yet been concluded. Indeed, the tie between them seemed to be quite as much that of private affection as of official duty; and when the catastrophe occurred which robed the nation in mourning, all will remember how admirably the confidence of the deceased statesman in his friend and adviser was justified by the latter. For a brief time, in that awful crisis, the whole Government seemed to rest upon the shoulders of the Secretary of War; and the country will not soon forget the manner in which the momentous trust was discharged.

Mr. **Stanton** is a native of Ohio, whither his parents emigrated from Culpepper County, Virginia. He was born at Steubenville in 1815; studied at Kenyon College in 1833, remaining there barely a year; served as a bookseller's clerk at Columbus at the same time that he was studying his future profession; was admitted to the bar in 1836, and began the practice of the law in Harrison County. He soon gained an extensive reputation for ability in the argument of abstruse questions of law, as well as for success with juries. The memory of some of his more remarkable efforts, especially in the latter department of his profession, is still fresh in all that part of Ohio and the neighboring region of Western Virginia. He also became known as an active politician of the Democratic party, of which Senators Allen and Tappan were then leaders in Ohio; and into the political contests which then prevailed he cast himself with all the fire and passion of his powerful nature. In 1848 he removed to Pittsburg, whence, in 1857, he transferred his residence to Washington, where his professional occupations, especially in patent cases, soon became as constant as we presume they were profitable. Of his history in connection with the War Department it is not necessary that we should speak in these columns. The people know it already.

Mr. Stanton is about five feet eight inches in height, and is a person of broad shoulders and heavy frame. His features are rather round and full, his hair very dark, though thin, and his complexion sallow. These peculiarities, combined with his intense and penetrating dark brown eyes, and his heavy beard, sprinkled freely with gray, give somewhat of an Oriental air to his general appearance. Though his ordinary expression is thoughtful, absorbed, and stern, his smile is gentle and winning as a woman's.

One of the most striking facts about Mr. Stanton is his indifference to the usual means of popularity. Though during the past four years no man has been criticised so vehemently as he, he has not once undertaken to defend himself, either by his own hand or that of any friend. The facts alleged against him might be either wholly fictitious or wholly misrepresented: he has treated them with the same patient neglect, as if confident that the future would do him justice, or careless of all wrong provided he himself felt that he was right. This habit seems to have been adopted by him before his advent to public office. His arguments in important legal controversies he has taken no pains to preserve. In one of these, which related to the right of the Suspension Bridge Company at Wheeling to construct their bridge across the Ohio River, his plea is spoken of by those who had the luck to hear it as a most impressive performance, but we have not succeeded in procuring a printed copy of it.

Mr. Stanton has been twice married. His present wife was Miss Ellen Dickinson, of Pittsburg. He has four children: a son of some twenty-five years by his first marriage; and one son and two daughters, all yet little children, by the second.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By George F. Harrington.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XX.

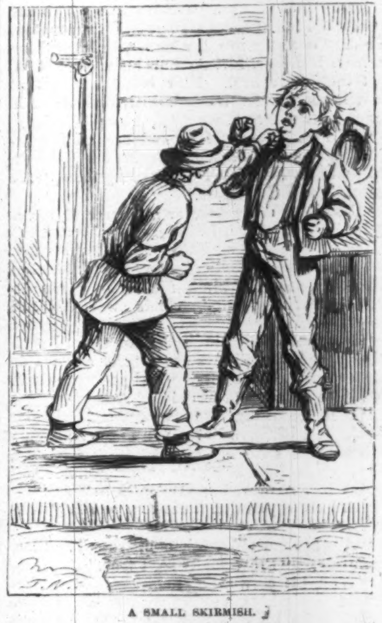
There is a certain manner—the nautical name for which the writer has clean forgotten, though he assures the reader he once knew it—by which a vessel is advanced upon its way when steam or tide or wind fail it. Its anchor, with a stout cable attached, is carried forward in one of the ship's boats and hooked on to some rock or iceberg ahead, the other end of the hawser being fastened to the capstan on board. With many a heave-ho the crew then ply their strength, as in a slow whirlwind, around the capstan until they and their vessel are drawn to the anchor. The anchor is then again borne forward, and so the operation continued as long as may be necessary.

And in the same way we will bear the anchor of this our bark ahead, and grapple it with this first day of March, 1865, and endeavor to—yes, warp, that is the word—warp ourselves up to that point; for, though all the world else moves, Somerville has seemed sorely to lack, so far as advance is concerned, of steam and tide—not of wind, only it has been perpetually shifting.

Great events have befallen since Dr. Ginnis's house was burned—many of them.

Vicksburg. The Somerville *Star* had acknowledged, after the fall of New Orleans, that the Mississippi River, Fort Pillow and Memphis having fallen, was open along its whole length to Federal navigation. Only a few days after its article in proof that this, so far from being an advantage, would be, like the capture of New Orleans, a positive disadvantage to the Federals, Vicksburg and Port Hudson are known to have suddenly arrested the navigation of the river, at which, with singular inconsistency, the *Star* greatly rejoices. Then follows the long story—oh, how long and weary in the slow telling!—of the assault upon Vicksburg and the repulse. The episodical capture of Arkansas Post, though Somerville has accounts for weeks after that event of the escape on their way up the river, and their march across Tennessee to join Bragg, of the prisoners there taken. Next comes the wearisome digging of the famous canal, and its failure, proving that hydraulics and hydrography are greatly neglected parts of civil engineering as taught at West Point. Great rejoicing in Somerville over that. Then comes Grant's desperate march around and regular investment of Vicksburg, at which also Somerville greatly rejoices.

"With Johnston in front of him, and Pemberton in his rear cutting off his escape to the river, we regard the annihilation or capture of Grant's entire army as a positive certainty," says the Somerville *Star* for weeks. "As to starving out Vicksburg, we happen to know it to be victualed for a two years' siege."



A SMALL SKIRMISH.

Then follow tidings of the fall of Vicksburg. This is scouted with scorn. For weeks after, it is amazing how many gentlemen arrive, not in Somerville, but in its immediate neighborhood, who "are known to have left Vicksburg on the tenth or fifteenth of July, the place not having fallen then, nor having the least intention so to do."

Even when Vicksburg and Port Hudson are known to be captured—"We see only cause of congratulation in it," says the Somerville *Star*. "First, because of the tremendous loss—one hundred and fifty thousand is the lowest estimate—of the Federals in capturing those points; second, because it will occupy a large part of their army to garrison these places; third, in that guerrilla bands will as effectually prevent the navigation of the river as before!"

Yes, there is the singular fact. We Secessionists may attach infinite importance to an Object, may wait in most intense anxiety to know the result in regard to it, deny the capture of it indignantly for weeks after it has fallen, yet the instant it is known to be undoubtedly gone we care no more for it, wonder we should ever have interested ourself so much in New Orleans, Vicksburg and Port Hudson, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Savannah, Mobile, whatever the object is in its turn; can even see now, are astonished we did not see it before, that the loss of each such place is on every account rather an advantage than a disadvantage to us. Not merely in words only or in editorials—to some degree actually in heart it is so! No doubt there is, with the occurrence of each disaster to the Confederate arms, a secret undermining going on in the understanding and heart of each even of the most rabid Secessionists, but it is unacknowledged at this period even to themselves. In exactly the same way, Dr. Ginnis, swelling and bursting to-day with some wonderful news of Foreign Intervention, Confederate Victory, and the like, abandons it to-morrow when it is known to be false, not only without much regret, but scarcely remembering even that he ever heard, much less believed, in any thing of the kind.

"But who," says Mr. Ferguson, "can reason in regard to lunacy, or analyze infatuation? There is something even awful in it," he adds; "a supernatural folly at which I shudder, as at the direct doing of Jehovah."

At which point Mr. Arthur corrects his friend by drawing distinction between the positive and the permissive providence of Heaven—a distinction lost upon the Scotchman, who quotes the case of Pharaoh and the children of Israel to a frightful degree in these days.

But even while we are scouting the lying rumors of the fall of Vicksburg all Somerville is electrified by tidings of the glorious victories of General Lee in Pennsylvania. The bells can not ring enough after the dispersion of the Pennsylvania militia and the capture of forty thousand prisoners at Gettysburg. Brother Barker has been entrapped by false news so often by this time that he is far from being as credulous as of yore, yet, "Do you imagine General Lee would have crossed the Potomac if he did not know what he was about? Believe it; yes, brethren, with all my soul!" For who can resist, if it was only the big bell of his own church, to which little Joe Staples clings, with brief relays for refreshment, for hours at a time? And so, when he can have the bell stop long enough for him to be heard in special prayer, as on Sabbath, Brother Barker leaves all doubt in regard to his patriotism far behind.

It was a singular coincidence that Orange, plowing in his master's field, and Jem at work with his axe in the woods near Somerville, both paused from their labors at the first sound of the bells with about the same exclamation upon their lips.

"Dar's bad news for *me!*"

They, and, of their colored friends, not they alone, had made about the same remark once or twice before at the sound of distant explosions, taking them to be cannon for victory. These reports, however, had turned out to be only the blowing up—quite a common incident—accidentally, of powder-mills and all therein—no mistake about the bells, however.

Not that, returning to Mr. Barker, his has been an altogether unruffled course. Like other eminent confessors in all ages he has had his troubles also. Many, among the best of his church, have long ceased to attend thereat. There is Mrs. Juggins.

"No, Brother Barker, I can't do it. It was bad enough to see you, a preacher of the Gospel of peace, marchin' along, as I see you that day in Somerville, with a gun on your shoulder, member of a company, practicing, too, with them at a mark, I'm told! But for a disciple of the blessed Jesus to preach and pray as you do is more'n I can stand. Not only it is nothin' but politics, politics all the time with you in the pulpit and out of it—no Gospel; but, then, you're fiercer than Staples or Lamum, actually bloodthirsty an' bitter. God, He knows I love my country. I gave Tom for it, didn't I? Please God, I hope the Yankees may be whipped back where they come from. If they ain't, it won't be for want of prayin' for it here South!"

"All the Union people have ceased to come to church long ago, and to support the ministry," begins her spiritual leader.

"Can't help it, Brother," says Mrs. Juggins, firmly; "the Colonel and I is getting old; since Tom was killed, too, I've seen things diff'rent. The Confederacy gaining its independence is a great thing, I dare say; but religion here, the reachin' a better world after this, is a better thing still. Dare say you have no idea how you've stopped preaching and praying any thing but the Confederacy. And look at it. The Sabbath-school there in Somerville is broken up, they tell me. Except on some grand political occasion, they say you've only a handful to hear you. Then you know better'n I how many of the very pillars of our church, ministers even, some of them, has taken to drinkin', cursin', and swearin', swindling, and all manner of wickedness. As to sinners, they are farther off than ever; and who's to blame?"

Yes, Brother Barker has a hard time of it as well as Mr. Arthur. Somehow his salary is very slow in being paid, what little is promised, the reliance he placed upon his Secessionist admirers in this matter being exceedingly mistaken; ready enough they are to crowd his church on every political occasion to hear, and to inflame and inflate by their presence the violence of, sermons and prayers for the South.

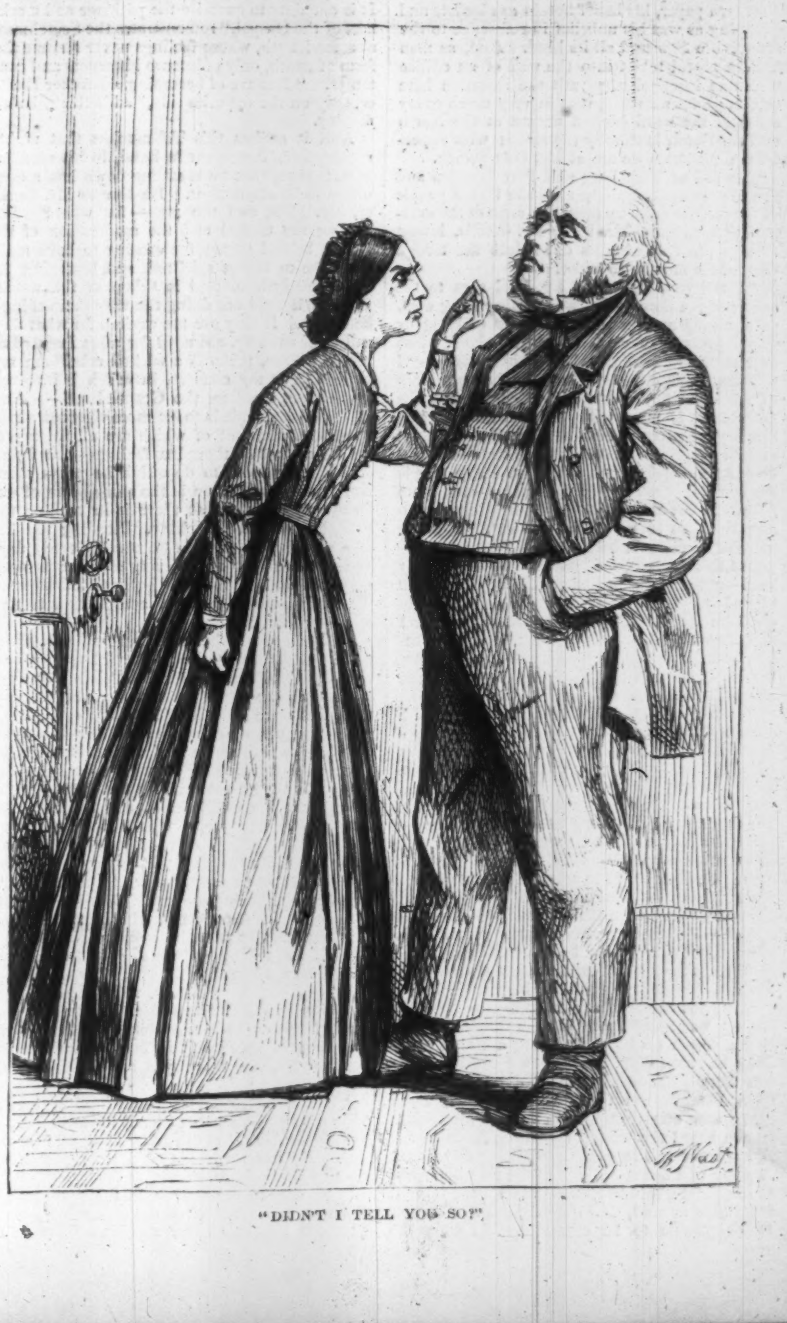
"If the Almighty does not give victory to General Lee in this his march upon our wicked foes, the very angels of heaven will be ready to revolt," he had remarked one Sabbath morning in a sermon. Who could say more than that? Yet the subscription paper circulated the very day after on his behalf was far from as successful as it should have been. "We all greatly admire, esteem, approve Brother Barker's course—no man in all Somerville more patriotic and useful than he—yet the war has cut our means down so, and we have really so very many calls every week connected with the war, that we can not say at this moment what we can give, Brother; we will think upon it, however, and let you know."

"No, Sir, you must excuse me," Captain Simmons remarked when applied to. "True, I was early instructed to worship in the sanctuary, and I could at this moment repeat to you, sing to you to its own tune, the hymn 'Away, away; away, away, away to Sabbath-school.' True, I *do* drop in to hear the parson when he gives us a red-hot sermon, prayers, and all the trimmings, on the times. But I can not disguise the fact that he is a—Yankee. My soul revolts at a Yankee and—you must excuse me."

There was the shameful way, also, in which Brother Barker was treated on his last visit to the Pines. The preacher is exceedingly averse to speaking of it, but it seems a camp of soldiers stationed there have varied their monotonous routine of slaughtering such fat beeves, and stealing such poultry and honey as they can lay hands upon, by insulting, hustling, throwing clods at Brother Barker on his last appointment. Not on Union principles at all—from sheer contempt of a religion which has ceased to awe them in reference to things spiritual in its superhuman exertions to instruct and excite them in reference to the Confederacy.

Very slowly, indeed, the truth comes out in regard to the Gettysburg affair. Somerville has placed all its hopes on a long succession of heroes, dropping them in turn as easily as it has done great cities; for the time, even General Lee lies shattered on the earth from his pedestal. The ebb and flow of feeling during these days among Secessionists and Union people—the one class being in the trough exactly at the instant the other is on the crest of the sea—who can describe!

Neither can be described the intense eagerness of Mr. Arthur, Dr. Warner, Mr. Ferguson, and all other Union people—it is amazing how many of them are left in Somerville still—for Federal papers. Colonel Guy Brooks, not a written line from him since he left, contrives to get papers to friends in Somerville. Isaac Smith, painter, too, little he cared for literature of any sort, still less his big and butter-making wife; now the zeal with which Isaac Smith, from within the Federal lines, pours in letters and papers upon his wife is wonderful. Mrs. Smith's little parlor sees, and sees very often too, visitors it never dreamed of before. Let fat Mrs. Smith get a package as large as your hand at night—and her mails almost invariably arrived at that period—before noon to-morrow she had a dozen applications from friends to know the news. And a



"DIDN'T I TELL YOU SO?"

great deal of news Isaac Smith managed to smuggle in; only, alas! Isaac, from long use perhaps of his brush, gave too much—so little proving to be true. For, let the truthful record be made, we Union people in Somerville are almost as credulous in regard to the news we wish to be true as are the Secessionists—not quite, but almost.

But, ah, the eagerness with which we clutch a paper from the North! We get it as a great favor, to be read as rapidly as possible, to be returned exactly at such an hour to such a place. We button it up in our breast-pocket, and hurry home, for we dare not be seen with it on the streets. Arrived at home, we arrest all the household work, turn the children ignominiously out of the room with terrible threats in case they come in again, which, by-the-by, they are sure to do a dozen times during the reading on pressing emergencies which can not be postponed a moment; and so we carefully unfold and read the precious paper aloud to wife or sister, to say nothing of all the Union people in the neighborhood cautiously summoned in to hear. The editorials, dispatches, items, advertisements of hair oil, and the like—with greedy hunger we let no morsel or crumb of the paper escape us. In spite of all the effort we made, a dozen readers or two have had the document before us, as dozens will, eagerly wondering why we can not remember that others want the paper as well as ourselves and get through with it after us. In consequence of this, the paper is painfully illegible at the folds; we have, in the centre of the most interesting articles, to stop and puzzle around the chasms, often to take a flying leap over them and proceed. The little scraps of patriotic poetry, here and there, we often memorize even. And so the paper circulates till it is read, literally read, to shreds.

There was Everett's speech at the Dedication at Gettysburg. Could the orator have imagined the zest with which his words there spoken would have been read from soiled and worn-out sheets by thousands at the South his soul would have burned with sublimer enthusiasm than any wakened in him by the audience then visible to his eye. Who of us forgets the keen enjoyment with which we read our first fairy tales in childhood's sweet hour—not so keen, so delicious that gratification as the reading, during the war, of all thoroughly American matter oozing in to us, parched with thirst, from abroad. The circulation through Somerville of one good paper of the kind did all the Union people—for if one individual thereof read it, every soul did or had it repeated to him—evident good for weeks to come. Perhaps the shortness of the allowance—as with food doled out to the wrecked at sea—increased its value, months often elapsing between the rations. Let us keep secret the absolute faith even Mr. Ferguson placed in the least assertions of a Northern paper, his belief herein as absolute and sweeping as was his unbelief in reference to the Somerville *Star* and all its kind. And, as men build a mural tablet into the wall of an edifice with due inscription, permit the insertion here of this profound truth, that in very much every sense of the word human nature at the North and the South is exactly the same; with superficial differences we are at last One people.

The fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson and the victory at Gettysburg send the Union people of Somerville quite up upon the crest of the ever-rolling sea, and—Mr. Ellis, Dr. Ginnis, lowest of all—the Secessionists down into the trough thereof for months to come.

"I tell you, Lamum," Dr. Peel says to the editor of the Somerville *Star*, toiling away cold, pale, steady as ever in his business of lying by power-press, ever consistent in falsehood whatever news Bill Perkins brings in his budget—"I tell you, man, one screw loose in the machinery of the Confederate Government is the way the Post-office is managed. What avails all you say in your paper so long as there is a perpetual stream of private letters coming in to the contrary? Federal papers, too, these Union people are constantly getting them; letters, also, from friends in the Federal lines—such things provision them, so to speak, to hold out. If a few more of them could be hanged—!"

But this last remedy has been so thoroughly tried—not actually in Somerville, as yet, but all around it. There was Mrs. Isaac Smith's brother, John Jennings. Who did not know him? Gray-headed with fifty years of farming—farming with his own hard hands alone these days, his boys being in the Confederate service, and he owning no negroes.

"You see, Mr. Arthur," Mrs. Isaac Smith says to that individual, who hurries to see her—is she not a member of his church?—on hearing of the catastrophe, "they knew John was a Union man. He tried to help its being known, but he couldn't. Not that he said any thing. He made a point to stay close at home—never opened his lips. But he was my brother, you know, and my husband being gone that was enough. Every once in a while he'd come down from his place—fifteen miles, you know, it is from here—to bring me a little butter, or cheese, or wheat, whatever happened he could spare. Ever since Jim Boldin waylaid and shot down his own brother-in-law, Mr. Tanner—they do say Mrs. Tanner, his sister, who is a bitter Secessionist, actually put her brother Jim up to it—ever since Tanner was found lying dead in the road with a ball through his head for being a Union man, John has been careful as a man could be. Letters from Isaac! How *could* John get letters from Isaac? As God hears me, Sir, John never saw one that I didn't show him. But you've heard the story; I have no heart to tell it, hardened as I'm getting to almost any thing. A party of a dozen of them broke into his house at midnight: said to his daughters, poor things! screaming around, they only wanted to take him to Somerville to be conscripted. Sarah, the eldest, knew better; she clung to him till they tore her off, some of them holding her to the wall while they tied John's hands. As they was dragging him out, Sarah she begged and screamed only to be let give him—her gray-headed old father—one last kiss; they wouldn't let her do even that, the man holding her saying things— Can you make yourself believe, Sir, that such a thing *can* be true in this Christian land?" says Mrs. Smith, speaking more slowly, exhausted with weeping till not a tear is left, emotion itself worn out from exercise so intense and so long. "Sarah here in the next room could tell you herself. They dragged that unoffending old man—lived fifteen years in the neighborhood—out of his house, mounted their horses, and rode off at full speed, holding the end of the rope. Of course when he couldn't run he was dragged. Sarah tracked him next day by the bits of his clothes on the brush till she lost the trail over the rocks. No one but her, and she not twelve years old, near night she finds her father at last. They had hung him by the neck from a blackjack. God knows whether it was because they intended it, or because they did not know how to tie the rope so as to strangle, but he was warm yet when she came upon him. He had been hanging there in struggle and agony full fifteen hours. Sarah she had never thought to bring a knife—just think if you can of that poor young thing working there—"

But here there is loud crying from the next room of the little house—Sarah has been wakened from her slumber of exhaustion by her aunt, who has forgotten in her excitement that her niece is asleep there.

"We must get used to it, man; like things, in all varieties of hellish wickedness, are taking place every hour," says Mr. Ferguson, to whom Mr. Arthur has been telling the story. "The National Government will not or can not help us. For His own wise purpose the Almighty is leaving us to ourselves."

"But to me the strangest part of the infatuation of these men around us," says Mr. Arthur, walking the floor of Mr. Ferguson's room like a caged leopard, "is that they do not seem to understand exactly where Dr. Warner and you and I and all other Union men of Somerville—and I know of more and more of them every day—actually stand. Do you suppose Mr. Ellis, Captain Simmons, Bob Withers, Ginnis, the Lamums, and the rest *know* that there is not an individual at the North, in the Federal army, in the Cabinet at Washington—not Lincoln himself more thoroughly, utterly, absolutely—"

"Sh-sh-sh, man, not so loud!" says cautious Mr. Ferguson.

"And expect me actually to pray for the success—"

"We must beware of becoming too excited. It is our duty to exercise the patience and meekness of the Gospel," remonstrates the Scotchman at some length, whose feelings never assume the form of wrath, only of intense bitterness and contempt. "Beware of becoming a Brother Barker, only on the opposite side," adds this grizzled mentor.

And it strikes this Telemachus that night, ruminating, Testament in hand, in his room at Mrs. Sorel's, that he is sliding down into a condition to be alarmed at. He blames Mr. Barker, Mr. Ellis, and the rest—for what? For leaving the Gospel and the moderation of the Gospel behind them; for ceasing to have main reference to things spiritual, and becoming far too intensely interested in things of this world. Wonder if I am not doing the very same thing? he thinks. If they are too excited for what they call their country, am not I for what I regard as mine? True, theirs is a wicked rebellion; my interest is in my country, in which is involved civilization, freedom, the Gospel itself— And all he can conclude is to set more vigorous watch upon his heart, out of which are all intemperate deeds, words, thoughts, feelings—the issues of life. For grace to do which he prays there and then. Only there is the same sense of exhaustion in prayer that there is in reading the Scripture and in preaching. Leading the life of a pariah with most in Somerville every day, so little encouragement, every emotion in such perpetual and intense play—thought, forever on the strain—insufficiency of actual labor to give relief—exhaustion.

And Alice? If she was a thousand miles away now! God forbid—she is all of hope he has. Yet, like the Princess of Fairy Tale, alive to her lover in all her charms, yet inclosed beyond any thing but mere sight in adamantine crystal.

Oh yes, yes, of course, the writer knows all that fully as well as the reader; but Mr. Arthur, though he ought to have done so, doubtless did not. It is the easiest thing in the world for you to say how you would have gone boldly to her like a man; how you would, and long ago, have had a perfectly frank and full conversation with herself, and, if necessary, with her mother. You have a contempt for this Mr. Arthur for waiting, hoping, fearing so long. Very well; better despise him for cowardice in the matter than that the one who pens these lines should despise himself for telling a falsehood in the matter. "If I was Alexander I would do so and so," said Hephæstion. "And so would I were I Hephæstion," replied Alexander. You have, dear reader, first to be Mr. Arthur, defects and all, and then to be exactly in Mr. Arthur's rather peculiar position, before you can decide how he should have acted.

"We so-called Union people here in Somerville are like— By *we* I do not mean to include you, Miss Alice," says Mr. Arthur to her one day. He has made his semi six-months' call at Mrs. Bowles's, and finds that lady away from home assisting down-town in the preparations for a supper in behalf of the sick soldiers—the proceeds somehow never reaching them in its transit through so very many hands—very little at least—and that paper-money into which the specie paid in has become singularly transmuted. We dare not stop to ask whether, before calling at Mrs. Bowles's, Mr. Arthur knew or not of that lady's absence. How could he, in that case, have conscientiously asked Miss Alice if her mother was at home?

"The Union people in and around Somerville," he repeats, having corrected himself from daring to class his fair friend among them, "are like the early Christians."

"In purity of purpose or in degree of persecution?" asks Alice, looking up—what beautiful eyes! thinks her visitor—from her sewing. Was ever woman lovelier? demands Mr. Arthur of himself, warming himself in her presence after long dwelling among winds and frosts and icebergs without.

"It was of their kindly feeling toward each other that I spoke," says he. "Not a day I do not hear of some charitable and generous deed. You have long heard of old Mr. Adams—"

"Is it not strange that so large a slaveholder should be a Union man? You know he openly avows it," says Alice.

"He is far from being the only slaveholder—" begins Mr. Arthur, but prudently halts. "He has had the reputation heretofore of being rather—rather—"

"A penurious old gentleman," supplies Alice, demurely. "Proverbially so, I fear."

"Well, his corn-cribs, fodder-stacks, smoke-houses, grain-bins, poultry-yard seem to have ceased to be his own this last year. He gives away as freely as water. People send out their wagons, and help themselves as a matter of course. Provided, you know—"

"The applicant be thoroughly disloyal—to the Confederacy I mean," says Alice with, did ever woman have so sweet a smile since Eve was created? says Mr. Arthur, to himself. "Oh, yes," she continues, "Mr. Neely was telling me of it when he was here last night; no, it was when he was here last week. He tells me the Union people are more like one family dwelling over town in different houses—what belongs to one belongs to all. I happened to pass Mrs. Isaac Smith's this morning, and I noticed no less than three wagons unloading sacks of something—pigs, turkeys, chickens, corn—almost every thing, and met two immense ox teams going in that direction with wood as I came away."

Like one family? More loving with each other than the members of families generally are. Those of the Union people in Somerville who did not even know of each other's names or existence had long now become well acquainted. Long before this had old quarrels between such of these as had been at variance ceased. No distinction of occupation, denomination, property between these any longer. Treated with contempt, at least coldness, by all Secessionists, Union people can not even pass each other on the street without stopping to shake hands. On the most frivolous pretenses, and on none at all, they are visiting each other, specially when "disastrous news" is afloat, all the day. The very children of Union parents confidently expect now, when they pass him on the street, as much of a smile as Mr. Ferguson ever manages to radiate through his beard. As to that, more than once or twice has sober little Robby Sorel come home laden with gifts from men he has met in town of whom he only knows that they asked his name.

And how Mr. Arthur cherishes, hidden among his sermons, letters of encouragement, anonymous, honestly signed, drop-letters from persons in Somerville, long letters from strangers living far away. Letters in which the writers venture decided opinions in reference to current events in guarded language, but with such an air of being arrived at on the part of the writers after much thought, and as original and remarkable discoveries as makes Mr. Arthur smile. The plain country people that take Mr. Arthur cautiously to one side when they meet him, and break to him, in exceedingly prolix and roundabout way, their views, or ride out, introduce themselves, and spend the night at Mrs. Sorel's to do the same, each displaying his devotion to the Union and his execration for the Confederacy from within a hundred wrappings, like a precious jewel peculiar to the speaker's self. And the delight, too, mingled with fears that he may not be prudent as he should be, of the new friend when he finds Mr. Arthur, with exactly the same opinions, so very decided and clear.

Not plain people, obscure and quiet only.

"Parson Arthur, hold up a minute, I want to say a word to you," says Bob Withers, whom Mr. Arthur meets face to face on horseback in a sequestered spot near Somerville. And Mr. Arthur complies, but with very cold manner, for, like almost every man of his class in Somerville, Mr. Withers is very shy of Mr. Arthur in public; Mr. Arthur, therefore, is doubly shy of him. But Bob's open, cordial face is irresistible.

"I've wanted to speak to you for a long time. But in strict confidence, by George! mind—in strict confidence, Parson. You look pale and worn, and go about Somerville looking as if you didn't have a friend there. I wanted to tell you it's a mistake—you've plenty, only we don't like just now, by George! to show it. You just hold out, Parson; that's what you've got to do, hold out! I ain't a professor myself, as you well know, though if I don't get to heaven at last it's a poor chance for most Christians, by George! *I* know. When this thing came about, do you suppose I didn't know as well as you and Brooks and the rest it was a piece of the most in-fer-nal folly? What could a fellow *do*, by George! We were *in* it, you see. But it's worse than I ever thought it could be. Worse? The lying, swindling, shirking, stealing, murdering, un-i-ver-sal scoundrelism! Oh, never mind, by George! You only hold out—that's what I say, hold out! And if you think I don't know as well as you that this whole thing is hurrying, like every other spree, slam bang to eternal smash, you are just, by George! mistaken. Yes, Sir-ree!"

And Mr. Arthur does not see his way clear to refuse the double eagle Bob Withers insists upon leaving with him as a token of regard when they part at last. As to that, no one can write a letter or speak a word, "in confidence between us, Sir," without doing something of the same kind. Though Brother Barker even would have been almost satisfied with the coldness with which Bob Withers and Mr. Arthur pass each other on the street the very next day.

In fact Bob Withers is very far from being the only prominent Secessionist of whom Mr. Arthur could have told some singular things if he had wished. But who dare say what is done toward this by Vicksburg, Port Hudson, and Gettysburg?

Even the grand old Major seems to look down more benignantly than of old from his frame, this spring morning of eighteen hundred and sixty-four, upon Mr. Arthur thawing himself in the society of the Major's daughter. Very dignified and reserved indeed the visitor intended to be when he found, so very unexpectedly, that he must be entertained by the daughter instead of the mother. It was, after all formal inquiries in reference to Rutledge Bowles, at whose name both color simultaneously; after being fully informed in reference to Mrs. Bowles's health, whom he already knows to have become grayer, thinner, more nervous than ever from what he has casually heard and seen of her; after Alice has volunteered to speak of the school she is intending to keep, after all this and a little old music too, that Mr. Arthur, slipping from sheer force of habit, permits himself to speak of politics by the reference to the kindliness among Union people.

He ventures, Mrs. Sorel and Robby being mentioned, to tell how the latter is advancing in his studies. Nor can he resist the inclination by this time to relate how Robby was assaulted for about the hundredth time on his last errand into Somerville by Joe Staples. But Mr. Arthur refrains from mentioning the artillery of Yankee, free negro, Abolitionist, traitor, and a good deal worse with which Robby was assailed. That he and every child of every Union parent had long ago become accustomed to, though it took a long time before Robby could endure being cursed as an Abolitionist, that being something ingrained into him as far worse than any other epithet in the world—the quintessence of all abuse. But when Joe Staples actually seized upon the bridle of Robby's pony, and would not let the child pass till he had been sufficiently cursed, nothing being left for it, Robby slipped off his pony, left him to his fate, and pitched in, demure little fellow as he was, with his neat jeans suit and his hair fresh from his mother's brushing, and, with the sudden ferocity unknown to his mother and himself under surface of his sober sense, gave Joe Staples such a drubbing as increases tenfold Staples Senior's hatred for the Union people, and causes Mr. Ellis to caution his Charley that night at table against ever associating with a boy so desperately depraved as Robby Sorel.

"And she to set herself off from every body, and pretend to be so very strict with her children!" says Mrs. Ellis from her bed in the next room. "You hear what I say, children? If ever I know of your associating yourselves with them—" And so on, and so on.

"Do you know," says Alice, at last, "that Mrs. Warner and Mr. Ellis, and the others who have withdrawn from the church, are greatly offended that you never have called even to see them since they withdrew?"

"And when they have urged me so often to do so, too," adds her visitor, reflecting her smile. "Would *you* have me do so, Alice—*Miss* Alice?"

What a nameless charm in the very parting of her hair, in the plain collar around her neck, in the flow of her calico dress—one she has had now four years if he only knew it—a divine grace, a heavenly sweetness! After so long, long a period, too, of anxiety, disappointment, alienation from a hundred friends! Of course he exaggerated her, idealized, apotheosized—just as we must not trust what is said of Italy by travelers fresh from long and bitter travel in crossing the Alps. So rapidly and thoroughly has this lover thawed, beyond all his resolves when he first bowed to her, on principle not even shaking hands with her on his first coming! Five minutes more, and, having lost all resolve to the contrary as if it had never been, Mr. Arthur will have learned his fate. A discourse infinitely more impassioned and eloquent than he had ever favored her with from the pulpit already burns on his lips, when—the big bell of Brother Barker's church first, then, clamoring in as for their places in a procession, one by one, every bell in Somerville! Really and truly it was the great, hidden, unacknowledged movement, from the recent Federal successes, which had thrown these two thus so close together. At the first blow made by Joe Staples—yet stiff from his drubbing but a martyr to the cause—upon the big bell, these two are far asunder. His fault, his, not hers!

And here are Mrs. Bowles and Mr. Neely. Great news, glorious news! From the States west of the Mississippi this time. Banks is repulsed at Mansfield, eight hundred wagons, fifty cannon, innumerable prisoners, all the gun-boats and transports; not the least doubt but the next mail will bring accounts of the capture or destruction of the last vestige of the Federal forces.

Slight, pallid, enthusiastic Mrs. Bowles! She strives, even in the excess of her joy, to be quiet from habitual refinement, but fairly radiates with exultation. And Mr. Neely! Getting quite fat, physically as well as pecuniarily, upon his contractorship, he is rosy as morning, rubbing his hands, pulling down his waistcoat, jubilant in every curl of his hair, in every motion of his body, for he *can not* sit still! If any thing was needed to brim his cup it was meeting Mr. Arthur in just that parlor on just that occasion. Even the old Major overhead beams upon them in grander proportions, struggling in his frame to speak.

And just at this juncture it is that Brother Barker makes that fatal mistake of his. The Somerville *Star* is full of the news. Tim Lamum and Bob Withers shake hands over it—alienated during three months before from something rising out of poker. Dr. Peel has read the dispatches aloud in a dozen crowds, with running oaths of confirmation. Even Bill Perkins, fallen back into a mere stage-driver on account of Confederate disasters he has been bringing so long, with vague sense on the part of the people that he is somehow to blame for them, is treated till he can not stand. Dr. Ginnis, inflated, from the shabbiest collapse, in five minutes, by the news, to his fullest former proportion, is up and down every street, in and out of every store in the place, slapping his hands together, drawing back his sleeves, wheezing but irrepressible, gesticulating though he can not speak.

There is Mrs. Warner; from some sudden whirl, given by the Confederate disasters, she has been prophesying defeat and ruin to the South for weeks on weeks now. Not a bit less vituperative. She plies her snuff-stick as energetically as ever, denouncing the swindling, stealing, lying officials of the Confederacy, their cowardice and inaction! She does not stop with, "We are whipped—whipped, I tell you!" but even adds, "And I'm glad of it, because I hope the Federals will catch and hang these miserable fellows loafing about with their stripes and ambulances and things, when they ought to be off at the front, as they call it, fighting!" All of which falls incessant upon Dr. Warner, who droops his head and takes it, conscious of being in some general way guilty of it all himself. Even if he is balder these days, what he loses in hair he makes up in flesh—a storm-beaten mariner, but used to the squall and gust. The instant Dr. Warner could tell his wife this last news, before he had got it half out of his lips, his wife had snapped her forefinger and thumb, and thrust the former within half an inch of his nose.

"Didn't I tell you so, Dr. Warner? I want you to tell me that this instant! Didn't I tell you so? Didn't I tell you, over and over and over again, we would whip them yet? Always croaking!—telling me about your Gettysburgs and Vicksburgs till I was sick of the sound! And you a pious man—at least, pretend to be, and doubt that God is a just Being! Wanted me to laugh at Brother Barker."

Which brings us back to the fatal mistake made by that clergyman when the news comes of Banks's repulse.

"I hope so, I hope so!" he says, having hold of Mr. Ellis's hand, with peculiarly mournful intonation of the word "hope;" "but I fear not. We have been so often deceived—I myself, on one occasion—by mere idle rumors. You, as a Christian, will understand me when I say I see the hand of Satan, the Father of Lies, often put forth these days. For some inscrutable purpose, always against the best and holiest of causes; but," adds Brother Barker, with a sorrowful shake of his head, "we are not ignorant of his devices. I *hope* so, Brother Ellis, but I fear not, fear not."

Even Mr. Ferguson, pasting the dispatches as they come into his Scrap-book—with grim unbelief upon the surface of his beard, though sincerest apprehension is tugging at its roots—even Mr. Ferguson might have admired the sorrowful, not to say morose, disbelief in the glorious tidings by Brother Barker, as he shakes himself away, with boding head and sorrowful hand, through the crowds upon the streets.

Long ago, like all his class, his chiefest associations have been, especially on the street, with striped officials and brass-buttoned heroes. He may be talking with Sam Peters about his bad fall from his horse, awfully exaggerated by Sam; or with Smithers, also a member of his church, about Mrs. Smithers's last worthless runaway of a cook; even with Mrs. Warner, who regularly attends his church now, and always bewails Mr. Arthur's course in conversation with her new pastor—whoever it is with whom he is speaking, let Brother Barker but catch sight of a military man passing, or over the street, and, with a hurried excuse, he is off to speak to the son of Mars, or to get an introduction—oftener to introduce himself, if unacquainted.

But when this news of our glorious victory over Banks in Louisiana arrives, Brother Barker fails to render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.

"I hope so, Captain Simmons—ho-p-e so," he says, steadily resisting the universal Faith and Joy, gently deprecating it, with open hand, as a father among his thoughtless children—"but I fear not, f-e-a-r not!"

And this illustrates just what Mr. Neely so bitterly bewails—the deep-seated, utterly incurable want of faith in even the most thorough-going of Northern-born Secessionists on the part of Southern-born men.

"Gentlemen, you see that person who has just left us," says Captain Simmons, full of solemn joy, and something else, over the news, his left arm around a friendly post; "Rev. [hic] Mr. [hic] Barker, resi-resident clergy-clergyman of this commun-munity. Did you ob—[hic]—observe the statement he imparty-imparted to me [hic]? We having ful-fullest dispatches of a glori-glorious achev-y-achievement, he, that [hic] individual, doubts it, gently-gentlemen, *doubts* it!" (Intense scorn.) "But do you conjy-conjecty-conjecture the reason? A Yankee! I ady-admit he toils hard [hic] to hide it—very hard. It *will* come out. Not a Yankee in [hic] the whole Confedy-Confederacy this day [hic] but is a double traitor—traity-traitor to his own sick-sack-section, and a traitor to [hic] us. My earliest inf-infancy was, I may say, sat-sit-saturated with reverence for the cloth. But that Yankee, Bub-Barker, I revolt from. To those of his birth I apply the language of the—the hymn: 'Touch not, taste not, handle not!'"

Is it reasonable, therefore, to wonder at the frantic effort made by Brother Barker to right himself, when it is established beyond all doubt that Banks has really been repulsed? Eager as Mr. Ferguson and the rest of the Union people are to stave off that conviction, strange to say, the fact of the affair breaks at last upon them not more against their wishes than it does upon the preacher against his! Frantic effort? Brother Barker finds Prophecy which bears direct upon it. In the course of a sermon on the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar set up, after proving that the erection of the Washington Monument at Washington City, being as palpable an idolatry as in the case of the Babylonish king, was doubtless the grand sin for which the South was chastised, Brother Barker gave in his painful experience as an unbeliever in reference to the late news. With tears he made a clean breast of it:

"As lack of faith, brethren, in Kirby Smith, it was no sin; as lack of faith in Heaven, pledged by all its attributes to the cause of the South, it was a great sin. Pardon your most unworthy speaker"—bowed head, wet eyes, handkerchief. "And at this very moment, while I stand here before you"—handkerchief dropped on the desk, arms extended at their full length upward, eyes upon the ceiling above the pulpit, lank hair falling back from the head bowed backward—"the angels in heaven, seraphic Stonewall Jackson towering among them, all who have gone thither by mill—thousands from our glorious battle-fields, all heaven!"—extended arms farther extended to take it all in—"from innumerable harps rings Jubilee over our victory at Mansfield!" Speaker stationary for a moment in thrilling tableau; then slowly-falling eyes, then hands, then head.

"But"—handkerchief, sip of water, tone fallen from ecstasy to commonplace—"let us note, in the fourth place, who are destroyed by the Furnace Flames." Which proves in some way to have been the Federal Government.

If we think we can depart when the sermon is over we are mistaken. Brother Barker—very hoarse—has been, as we brethren may be aware, in attendance last week at the regular semi-annual meeting of our Church in the State. A full attendance, as we are happy to know. Subject of the support of the ministers; fully dwelt upon this by the preacher. One or two other matters before we come to the main business done by said meeting, brethren.

And here Brother Barker proceeds to read in his best manner a Whereas, with ten resolutions thereupon, passed unanimously at said meeting, in enthusiastic eulogy, exultation, prophesy, in reference to the Confederate Government in general, and one or two Major-Generals in particular—the well-known morals, or rather immorals, of said individuals causing their names to have an odd sound, as of Saul among the Prophets, in that connection.

One thing more—the collection for Brother Barker's support.

"Not that you do not mean well by putting in Confederate money, dear brethren," the preacher mildly expostulates as the hats go around; "not that I will not gladly do all in my power to sustain the currency. But you know as well as I that it rates only at twenty for one. Even at that, people, I grieve to say, will not touch it when they can possibly avoid it. Of their *gold* and *silver* Scripture invariably represents the generous as contributing; it is surely of our *best* that we should give to the House of the Lord. Understand me, brethren, not that I—"

SOUTHERN PICTURES.

OUR artist gives the following description of the sketches which we publish on pages 328 and 329:

"BIG ROCK AND LITTLE ROCK.

"Little Rock, the capital of Arkansas, seems to thrive pretty well, notwithstanding that business is dull and likely to remain so till the prospects of this year's crop are decided. There is stationed at this place the Nineteenth Regular Infantry and the Third Cavalry, as well as some colored troops on the other side of the river. The Quarter-masters and Commissaries are reducing their departments, and the extensive army hospital around the Masonic College is almost deserted. Labor is in demand, and all the industrious colored population are doing well. There is less of squalor among the race here than elsewhere. Military occupation is a fact which every where stares one in the face; and the defensive lines that surround the city are still comparatively perfect.

Big Rock is two or three miles above Little Rock on the opposite side of the river, although after crossing the ferry at the latter place it takes a round of ten miles to reach the former. The Arkansas River makes here a pretty reach, the bluff called Big Rock being a good feature in the picture. The river is not usually so high as represented in the two cuts on page 328.

"CREVASSE AT BATON ROUGE.

"This terrible break in the levee, over a mile in length, has flooded a hundred miles of the country, and is pushing out to the ocean by way of Berwick Bay. Planters all along the route taken by the waters have no hopes of a crop this year. Fields of cane, cotton, and corn, flourishing well before, are now under the flood—which, without bindrance, is pouring over the low lands to the bayous beyond. So sudden was the break that, besides overflowing the farms, it in some instances drove away the families, who escaped by skiffs from the houses, leaving hens, turkeys, and all live-stock to their fate. No attempt has been made to stop the crevasse; and indeed it would be impossible to effect any thing until the river has fallen again, of which there is no immediate prospect. The river is on the right of the sketch on page 329, the break extending from the figures on the levee to huts in the distance."

A Louisiana paper, speaking of this subject, says:

"From every part of the State come up, in response to our daily records and warnings, the most touching lamentations because of the overflowing floods. The great crevasses in West Baton Rouge have been abandoned, and the people of that parish, and of Iberville and Point Coupée, driven in great numbers from their homes, many of them to perish miserably. The accumulating waters from these crevasses have also filled up the neighboring bayous and basins so that a large portion of the Atchafalaya country is already flooded, and the people have fled to the highlands. And now, in the midst of all this actual desolation, come sweeping down upon us floods from the Missouri, the Arkansas, Red, and all the other tributaries of the mighty Father of Rivers, threatening to wash away whatever little of dry land is left to us."

WASHINGTON MARKET.

IN a city which boasts the best markets of the world as regards the excellence of the commodities offered for sale in them it is shameful that these markets should be, of all others, the most filthy in their surroundings and the meanest in their structure.

For the present necessities of the city their situation is unfavorable. They are not sufficiently central; they were built over a century ago, when they were probably very conveniently located, but now they are in the most commercial quarters of the city, where they are least needed. They are difficult of access, also, on account of the crowded streets. Why can we not have in the more central portion of the island large, clean, and tastefully-constructed markets, such as shall be an ornament to the city instead of being, as now they are, reckoned as nuisances?

Of our large markets Washington Market, of which we give an illustration on page 332, is the oldest. Its first charter dates from 1686—a century before the establishment of our republic, and long before the birth of the illustrious patriot from whom it was afterward named.

SPRING.

SWEET Spring has come, and once again,
O'er hill and plain,
She weaves her carpet soft and green,
In brightest shades of emerald sheen,
With pinks and crocuses between;
And lays it down
Where late the white and chilly snow,
So loth to go,
Leak'd off and left the earth so brown.

Sweet Spring has come, she wakes again;
For hark! a strain
Of woodland welcome soothly rings;
The air is stirr'd with glancing wings,
With crystal pipes and twitterings,
From conscious birds:
While lambkins sporting on the mead,
With velvet tread,
Skip in and out among the herds.

Sweet Spring has come; we through the shade
Of bower and glade
Can trace her pathway in the dark,
By silver glints from larchen bark,
And purpling bud-lights on the stark
And leafless boughs;
Or by the gleams from sunlit streams,
Whose dancing beams
The gentle ferns mistake for vows.

Sweet Spring has come, and in my heart
Its passions start.
Joy's babbling brooklets gayly sing,
Like silver chimes that sweetly ring,
And new-plumed hopes take lighter wing,
And mount above;
E'en star-bright eyes and rose lips fair
Spring blooming there,
And promise autumn wealth of love.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE pedestrians of New York city make no special claim to any "right of way" in the streets. To be sure it is necessary to cross these streets frequently; but cars, carts, and carriages never deign to regard those who humbly go on foot. Nor do the "footers" expect any such attention. If, by means of dodging *behind* one vehicle, and *before* another, and running alongside of a third a while, they succeed in crossing without being crushed, they are simply thankful, and never for an instant cherish the idea that they had the slightest *right* to be in the street at all.

Moreover, our citizens have uncomplainingly and generously surrendered a large portion of the sidewalks, which are generally supposed to be for the special use of pedestrians. Apple-stands, newspaper stalls, and innumerable miniature bazars for various merchandise, have long been patiently tolerated. Inch by inch has the encroachment continued until the majority of second-class shops—to say nothing of many that would refuse to be so called—are literally turned *inside out*. Pendent rows of slaughtered animals, artistically arranged over barrels of potatoes and turnips, signal a *market* within. The *corner grocery* sign extends far and wide in the shape of boxes of hard soap, casks of dried apples, and baskets of beans and pease; while one's head is not unfrequently entangled in the melange of hoop skirts and brilliant-colored flannel and delain which wavingly announce that dry-goods "*are sold here*" for "*less than cost.*" But New Yorkers bow their heads submissively, beat a retreat if necessary, or pass on.

There is, however, a limit beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue. Some of our sidewalks appear to be *exclusively* used for lumber-rooms and packing places; and locomotion through them is next to an impossibility. Pass down Beekman Street, for example, or you can find an equally good (?) specimen in many other directions if you prefer. Boxes, barrels, casks, and bales of goods literally *crowd* the sidewalk. Bundles of rags, and newspapers, and packages of every conceivable kind of merchandise are *stored*, apparently, on the flag-stones. A man weighing a hundred and twenty, or a woman with the smallest possible crinoline, would be *imperiled* by the attempt to squeeze through, to say nothing of garments soiled and rent. But perhaps this is some extraordinary emergency, a mere temporary state of things. Return a couple of hours later, the blockade continues. Come back again to-morrow, or next week, and the sidewalks are essentially in the same condition.

Really it does not seem that it would be unreasonable to mildly suggest that a *small* passage way be reserved on the sidewalk for those who do not *invariably* ride in cars or carriages.

The May Anniversaries appear to have been carried on with unusual spirit and interest this year. This was doubtless due in some measure to the series of bright, sunny days which adorned last week; and which enticed many to venture out who are ordinarily "keepers at home." Among the many meetings of interest, the Anniversary of the Institution of the Deaf and Dumb, that of the Institution for the Blind, and the "Howard Mission and Home for Little Wanderers" were especially attractive. Ten thousand dollars were contributed to the latter Society, several gentlemen giving one thousand each. At the reunion of the American Congregational Union, six thousand five hundred dollars were donated, at the instance of General Howard, for the purpose of establishing a church in Washington, where the "truth" should be "outspoken" and "proclaimed aloud."

Of course, during this coming season, all cases of colic, cholera morbus, cholera infantum, dysentery, and of every kindred disease, will be regarded by the unthinking masses as instances of genuine Asiatic cholera. Let those who can think be *sensible*, and avoid alike the two extremes—*carelessness* and *fear*.

Something like the following is said to be an everyday scene:

"Omnibus crowded. Enter two young la— of the female persuasion. Gentleman, rising to one of Y. L.'s, 'Take this seat, Miss.' No. 1 to lady No. 2, 'You take it, Katy.' No. 2, 'No, you take it, Mary dear.' No. 1, 'Oh no, Katy, I'd rather stand; you sit down.' No. 2, 'No, no; I can just as well stand.' No. 1, 'You had better sit down, Katy.' Skirts rustling, men standing crowded, door half-way open, and wind blowing in the dust. No. 2, 'Won't you take it? Well, then,' to No. 1, 'you are very kind, Mary dear.' Rustles skirts, spreads dress, flirts veil into eyes of old gentleman on one side, and jams elbow into hat of young gentleman on the other, and—settles. Gentleman who surrendered seat having been utterly ignored in this conversation, vows, as he hangs on the conductor's strap, he will never rise again, not for a princess."

The Parisian correspondent of one of our daily journals states that a French workman has just completed for the Duke of Wellington a watch of novel and peculiar construction, the idea of which was conceived by the Duke himself, who is well known to be of an impatient temper, and can not pass half an hour in any one's society without feeling an irresistible inclination to look at his watch. This being very impolite the Duke devised an ingenious plan to ascertain the hour without any one present being the wiser for it. The watch manufactured for him is a silent repeater. It is provided with a spring, upon touching which a small hammer issues from the case and strikes the hour in the palm of the person's hand who holds it. The Duke will merely need to slip his hand carelessly into his pocket, touch the spring, and he is immediately informed of the time of day. The only difficulty will be that all the papers will publish a description of the trinket, and the Duke find it somewhat embarrassing to put his hand in his pocket without having his secret discovered.

The death of Mrs. Carlyle took place under very peculiar circumstances. She was taking her usual afternoon drive in Hyde Park, when her little favorite dog, which was running by the side of the brougham, was run over by a carriage. She was greatly alarmed, though the dog was not seriously hurt. She lifted the dog into the carriage and the man drove on. Not receiving any call or direction from his mistress, as was usual, he stopped the carriage and discovered her, as he thought, in a fit or ill, and drove to St. George's Hospital, which was near at hand. When there it was discovered that she must have been dead some little time. Mrs. Carlyle's health had been for several months feeble, but not in a state to excite anxiety or alarm. The deceased lady was the daughter of "the once well-known Dr. Welsh, of Haddington, and, with gifts and graces of her own, she inherited much of the force and penetration of her father's intellect. She was worthy to be the life companion of Thomas Carlyle."

The Cleveland *Herald* gives an account of a singular case of suspended animation—a trance of twenty-four hours in duration. A young German, recently married, was taken suddenly ill at his place of business, and in two days was, to all appearance, dead. Arrangements were about to be made for the interment, when the young wife insisted that the funeral be postponed; and she remained in the room with the supposed corpse, clinging to the idea that he could not be dead. She became convinced that she perceived the body move. Her friends became anxious about her reason and tried to divert her mind from the sorrowful scene. Two long hours were spent in conversation, the friends urging that she was deceived, possibly by the flickering light. Then, suddenly, another slight movement was perceived by all, and the scene which followed may be imagined. The husband and wife are now living, well and happy.

By a series of interesting experiments, lately made, a woman's tongue has been found capable of moving one thousand nine hundred and twenty times in a minute. Think of that, all ye who argue that woman is inferior to man! Produce a specimen of the masculine gender who can accomplish such a vibration, or yield the point!

The following characteristic anecdote of Dr. Franklin is not so *new* as it is *good*:

During the long residence of Dr. Franklin in Paris he was once invited to a party of the nobility, by whom the Bible was ridiculed and severely criticised. It was remarked that the Bible was devoid of all literary merit; and Franklin being silent, they appealed to him for his opinion. He replied that he was hardly prepared to give them an answer, as his mind had been running on the merits of a new book of rare excellency which he had just happened to fall in with at one of the book stores; and as they had pleased to make allusion to the literary character of the Bible, perhaps it might interest them to compare with that old volume the merits of his new prize. If so, he would read them a short section.

All were eager to hear the Doctor read them a portion of his rare book. In a very grave and sincere manner he took an old book from his coat pocket, and with a propriety of utterance read to them a poem.

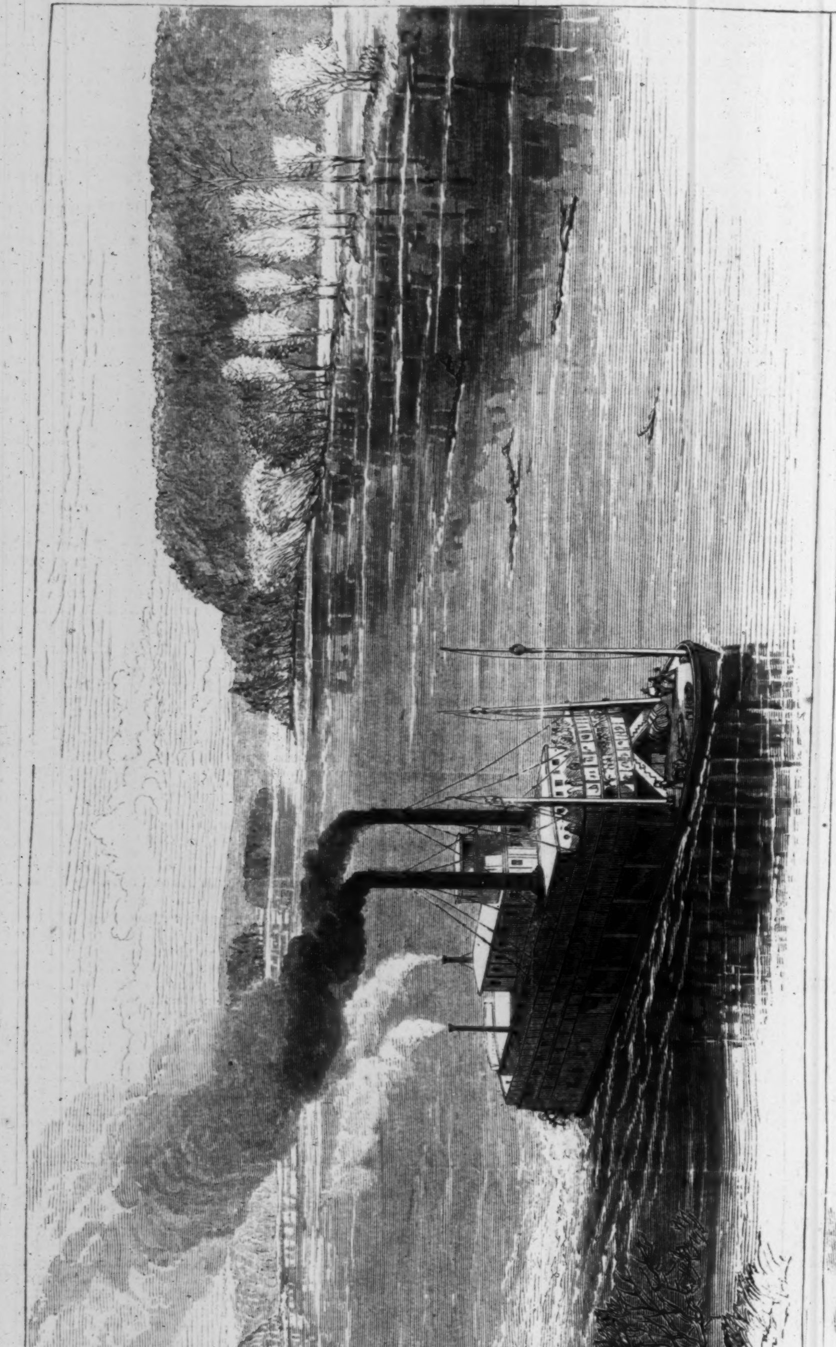
The poem had its effect. The admiring listeners pronounced it the best they had ever heard or read.

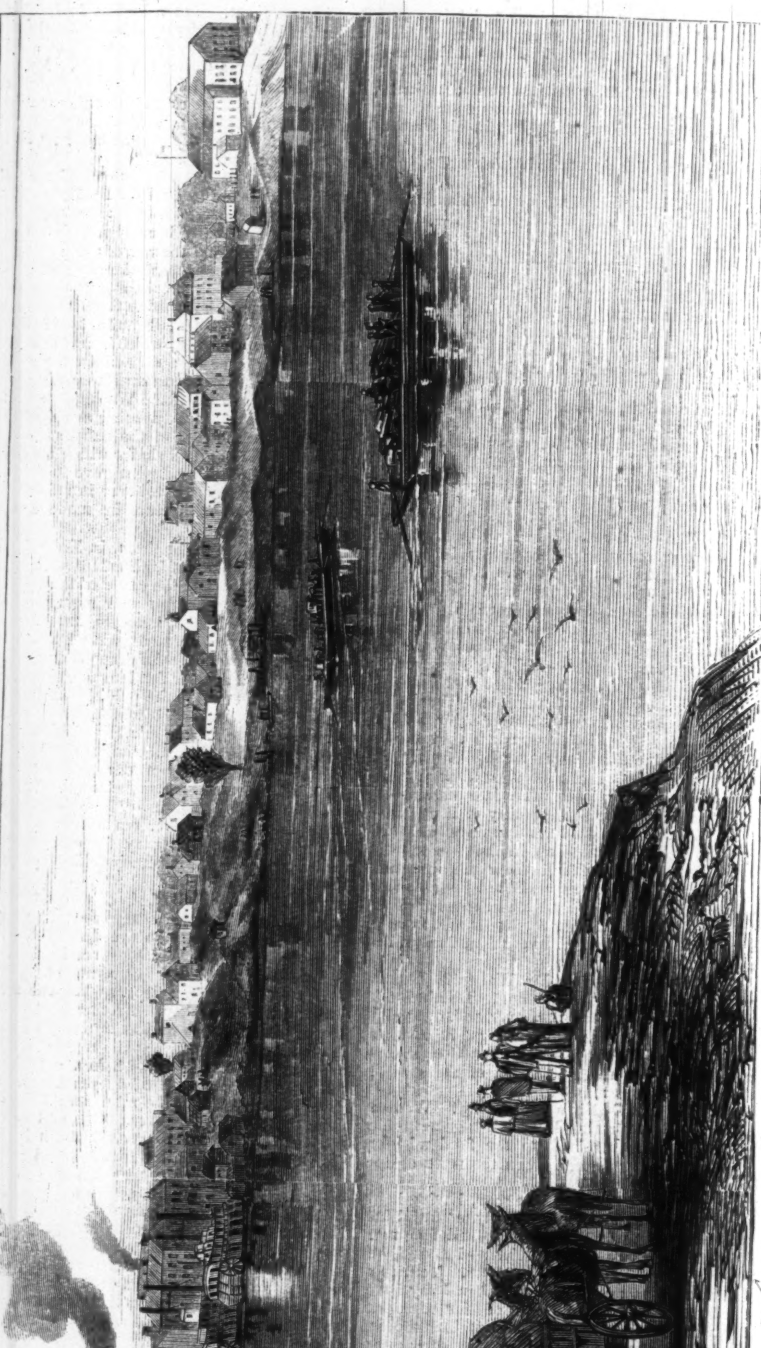
"That is pretty," said one.

"That is sublimity," said another.

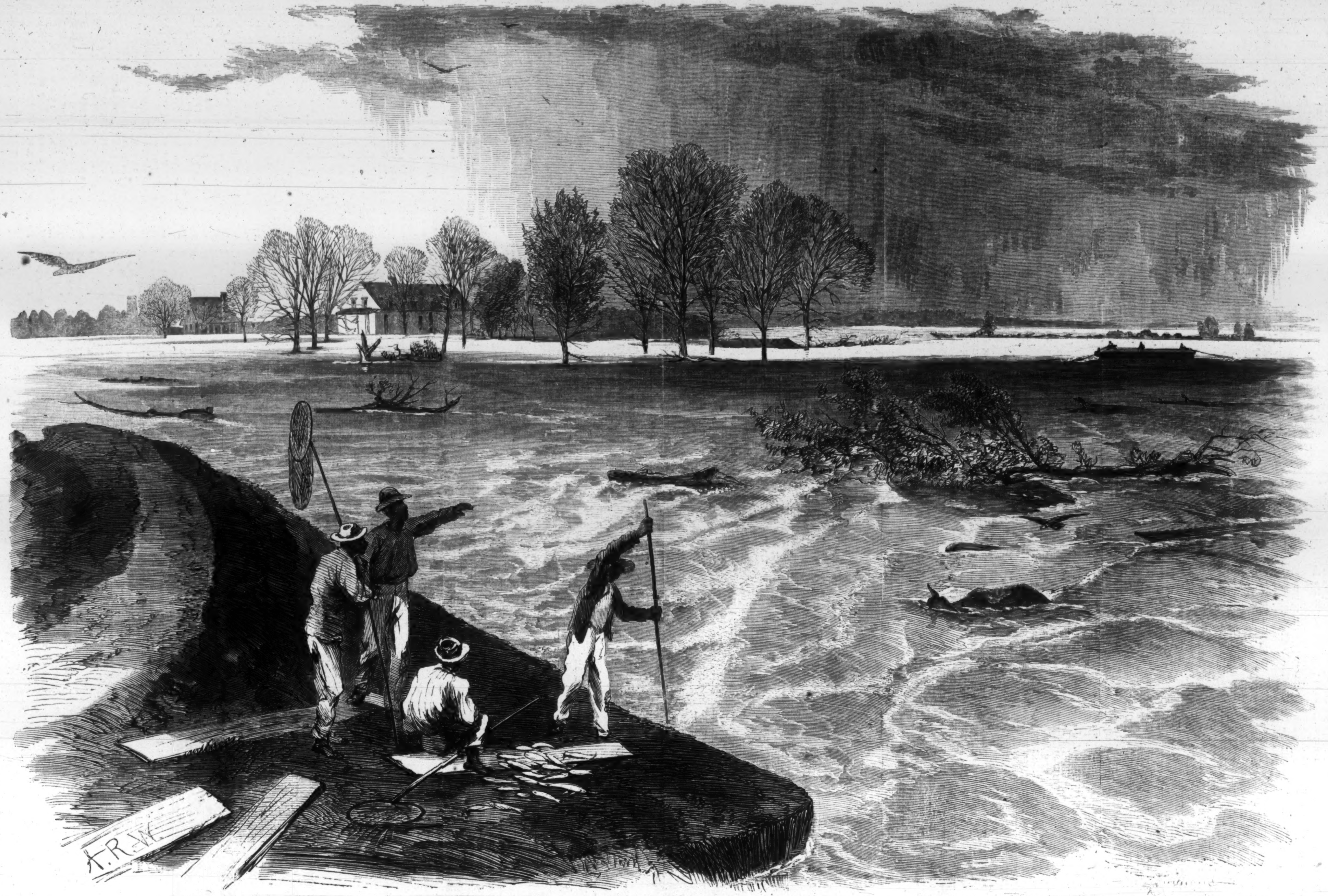
"It has not its superior in the world," was the unanimous opinion. They all wished to know the name of the work, and whether that was a specimen of its contents.

"Certainly, gentlemen," said the Doctor, smiling at his triumph, "my book is full of such passages. It is no other than your good-for-nothing Bible, and I have read you the prayer of the prophet Habakkuk."


Big Rock, on the Arkansas.



LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.—[See Page 327.]



CREVASSE ON CHIM'S PLANTATION, WEST BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA.—[See Page 327.]

CLARA'S TEMPER.

I WANTED new carpets in the parlors, and my Uncle Andrew declared they were unnecessary. Now that was not so; for only *I* knew how they had been turned and coaxed and even mended. And why, seeing that every one knew my uncle was rich, should the best rooms of the house look shabby? It was bad enough to live down-town where no one else did; to have the busy law-office on the first-floor; and to pass long days seeing no one but old Barbara and the cat, as I had done often and often since I kept house for Uncle Andrew, without being ashamed to ask any one in besides. We lived well enough, goodness knew, and might save, if that were an object, out of spiced dishes and hot ragouts and costly wines. And it was ridiculous of uncle, perfectly preposterous. We had had a wordy war about it, and I sat trifling with my tea-spoon, and uncle was pacing up and down the room, pouncing down upon me now and then with one of those perfectly rounded sentences which always aggravated me so when I was in a passion; and we were enjoying ourselves as two such hot-tempered people would be apt to do, when Barbara's voice arose above the din, crying:

"Here's a gentleman been knocking for half an hour. I do suppose, and couldn't make himself heard for the jawin'."

And in the midst of the sudden silence a tall figure passed her and came into the room, hat in hand, with that peculiar bow, equally removed from the servile bend of an inferior and the flourish of the dancing-master, which so plainly marks the gentleman. I felt my hot face flush anew with shame at the very thought of being seen so red with anger. And what had I been saying? I could not remember. All sorts of passionate things for this cool, calm, quiet man to hear. I bent over the teacups, wishing I could quietly sink through the floor, as I often did when my angry feelings came to an end, and I saw what a fury they had made of me.

Meanwhile the gentleman was talking to uncle.

"Mr. Andrew, I believe?" he said.

My uncle bowed. The gentleman handed him a card.

"Aha!" cried my uncle, growing genial at once. "Mr. Rushton—glad to see you, Sir. I have been expecting you. Take a seat, Sir, take a seat. We have not yet finished breakfast. Pray join us."

"Thank you, I have breakfasted," replied the stranger.

"No matter," said my uncle; "an extra cup of tea or coffee hurts no man. Barbara, a cup and plate. We can be more sociable. I don't know whether *you* are a sociable man, Sir, but *I* am. Now, Clara. My niece, Sir."

I saw in the glass between the windows a very meek and very pink face lifted for a moment, and I heard a voice to match—not in the least the vixen voice of half an hour before—inquire whether Mr. Rushton would take cream and sugar.

I was naturally far from bashful, but that day I could neither speak to nor look at our guest, and I listened to the conversation without joining in it by a word. Indeed, there was not much opportunity for me to speak. The talk was all of law matters. Of the case of X *versus* X, in which my uncle was engaged for the plaintiff. Of the singular letters on which he most depended for evidence, written in such a peculiar, idiomatic style as almost to defy translation, yet every word of great importance. Of the assistance Mr. Rushton's perfect knowledge of French would be. I gathered the fact that this young gentleman was about to be employed by my uncle in some capacity—whether as clerk or secretary I hardly knew—and that, it being necessary that he should be always in communication with my uncle, he was to remain, for a while at least, under our roof.

"You'll have the blue room put in order, Clara," said my uncle, curtly; "and now, Sir, shall we adjourn to the office?"

Then they arose, and, looking on the floor, I saw the shadow there make a bow; bowed in return, and was alone. Never, never, never, so long as I lived, should any one find me in a temper again. That I vowed. Yet it was not an hour before I was angry as ever with that provoking Barbara, who insisted that the blue room needed no sweeping, and that, if it did, she couldn't do it baking day.

"I didn't mean to," I said to myself, as I bathed my eyes with rose-water; "but an angel could not live with testy Uncle and sulky Barbara without quarreling. It was not my fault, but theirs."

Then I went up to darn the worn place in the carpet.

It was a good while before I could look the stranger in the face, but then I saw that he had a cool olive skin, calm dark eyes, a mouth as sweet as it was firm, and the broad forehead of a thinker. Perhaps his face was not regularly beautiful—I hardly know; but it had the effect of beauty, and he had youth and health and strength, and was wonderfully graceful. Soon I'd have given half the world to know what he thought of me. He was polite, attentive, as a gentleman would naturally be to the only lady inmate of the house; but, perhaps, after all, he remembered the little vixen he had first seen. I tried to be calm and quiet; to answer uncle when he scolded me with decorous respect—but that thought haunted me. I had never thought so much of any man's opinion in my life.

On Sundays we went to church together. I learned by that that he had an exquisite voice, for I used to hold my breath to listen to his singing. At last I ventured to ask him to sing for me at home. I never shall forget the song he sung, but there are many ways of singing. I have heard it from another, and scarcely listened. That same night I sang for him. He said not one word of praise—only bowed a thank you; but, as he turned my music, I saw his heart beat under the soft gray vest he wore. Mine was beating, too, like a mad thing.

Well, after that I was not so much afraid of him. and it came to long talks in the parlor and long walks by moonlight. He never said one tender word. He never took my hand. He never looked at me more earnestly than one friend might look at another; but I felt, in spite of that, that he cared something for me, and I—*I loved him*. I used to think sometimes with shame that I had given my heart unsought; that it was unmaidenly to care so very much for one who had not asked me yet to care for him at all; but how could I help it? All my feelings were strong. I could not walk by the decorous rule and line so many women liked; and in the sight of Heaven I could not be wrong in admiring what was admirable, in loving purity and truth and noble manhood! So I kept my secret, but did not strive to alter it. And at last! At dusk one autumn day we walked in the shady Square, under some old trees.

The nurse-maids had gone home with their little charges, and the file of workmen with tin-cans had tramped through it into the street. The fountain tinkled and splashed into the wide basin. The flowers gave forth their sickly evening perfume. A bit of crescent moon came faintly into the sky; and in all the Square, besides ourselves, was only a sleeping beggar stretched upon a bench. No one to watch—no one to listen; and then I heard all I longed to hear! I had never thought that quiet man could love so—that that silence could cover up such a sweet wealth of tenderness.

We went home arm in arm, and under the blue heavens the moon saw no woman happier than I.

Ah me! If you had told me then what I should do I would not have believed you. As well believe a man would willingly cut the rope that held him from dropping into some awful chasm as that I should part myself from him.

For weeks and months I kept my temper. For half a year I was too happy to be angry. We were to be married in a little while, and there would be little change save a trip to some country place, for we were still to live with my uncle in the old house. Edwin—I called him by his first name now—was not demonstrative; but I knew he loved me, and that was enough.

Enough until one day I heard Ruth Baker say to my cousin Grace:

"Heaven send me a different husband from the one Clara is to have! Who would think he was fond of her?"

"It's only his way," said Grace.

"I'd teach him another," said Ruth.

That set me thinking. It was not pleasant to be spoken of in this wise. No good ever comes of listening. I began by trying to lure Edwin into making pretty speeches and doing silly things. At last I strove to pique him into more demonstration of the love I knew (poor fool, that it should not content me!) that he really felt, and flirted, before his very face, with a young coxcomb of a midshipman, just my age, for whom I absolutely felt a detestation.

The little puppy had taken it into his small brain to admire me. He was pleased and flattered. Edwin looked on gravely without a word. At last, angry that he should take it all so coolly, I let the little middy steal a kiss from my lips where he could see me.

That evening, when the rest were gone, I felt a hand touch my arm.

It was Edwin Rushton's. I looked up.

"I want to speak to you, Clara," he said; and before I could answer had quietly taken me to task, as one might a willful child, on my impropriety. "It is not right," he said; "and people will make even worse of it. I can not permit it, Clara."

Not a jealous word. My uncle might have spoken much the same. "He can not love me," I thought, and my cheeks burned hotly.

"Who made you my judge and master?" I asked.

"Yourself," said he, "when you accepted me."

"More silly I!" I cried. "Why do you care to hinder others from having what you don't want yourself?"

"What do you mean?" asked he.

"Frank would give his right hand for a kiss from me," said I; "and you hardly know whether I am living or dead, I believe. It's like being in fetters to be tied to such an icicle."

"You are letting your temper carry you away," said he.

"My temper, Sir?"

"Yes," said he; "it is your one great fault. I saw that when I first saw you. There, there."

He tried to soothe me, as though I had been delirious. I believe I seemed so to him.

I forgot every thing in my anger.

"I wish you had never seen me," said I.

"You will be sorry to have said that."

"I say it from my heart."

His face grew white.

"There is more in this than I thought," said he. "Perhaps you love Frank Hearne better than you love me?"

I saw the chance of making him jealous. I saw nothing else in my rage.

"Perhaps I do," I said. "We can't help our fancies."

He drew a great breath, and arose, standing before me like a statue.

"I will not let your pledge to me stand between you and your young lover," he said. "God forgive you, and make you happy! Good-by! You are as free as you ever were."

And I was alone. Alone, stretching out my hands toward the closed door, and calling on my darling to return. He did not hear me. He never came.

"Temper! temper! temper!" shouted my uncle when I met him at the breakfast-table next morning. "Ah, you will suffer for your folly this time. He was the noblest fellow God ever made, and you've lost him. I told him you'd repent. 'No,' said he, 'it is not temper. She loves Frank Hearne; she told me so.' By Jove, if that puppy enters my door I'll kick him!"

"Is he gone?" I asked, with my head in my hands.

"Gone forever," said my uncle; and I lost all consciousness the next moment, and lay, happily forgetful of my woes, in a deep swoon.

Gone forever! Ah, yes; the days passed and he came not. The lonely evenings counted themselves away. My life was over; my joy past. I wanted to die; but I was young, and still lived. I shut myself up from every one, and knew they said of me that I had been jilted. What did I care now? At first I used to hope he would return. I knew soon that such a hope was folly. No angry mood had made him leave me. He believed me false. Oh, the pain in his face, the anguish in his voice at that last moment! I never should forget it. As nuns are said to scourge themselves for their sins, so I punished myself by recalling that look, that tone daily and hourly.

The spring which was to have seen us wed was gone. Autumn came, and winter. At Christmas tide I sat in my own room reading. It was long past twelve. Barbara slept in her attic, my uncle in his chamber below, but I could not sleep. The evergreen Barbara had twined about the gas fixtures and placed over the mirror seemed to mock me with its holiday look. What was he doing to-night, my Edwin—my own dear love? I lifted the curtain and looked out. All the street was white with snow, frozen snow, that crisped and sparkled in the starlight. Opposite a dark figure paced slowly—a watchman, I supposed; but my fancy, aided possibly by a vague rumor of Edwin's presence in the place, made the outline seem his. Oh, if he should be there! If—ah, it was all folly! I dropped the curtain, and sat down before the fire a while. Then I took my white dress from its nook—the dress in which I should have been married—and folded it and unfolded it, and caressed it, saying such words to it that you would have thought me mad. Yet while it was on my knee I fell into a kind of dream. It hardly seemed as much like sleep as stupor.

I was startled from it by a blaze of light. The dress had fallen from my lap into the grate. It was all aflame, flaring up toward the bed-clothes. In an instant they were caught, and the blaze went whirling up the paper on the wall, and the window curtains, long and light and floating. I rushed to the door. Alas! my evil genius had impelled me to lock it and withdraw the key. I could not find it. I searched in vain. I screamed, I prayed. Neither man nor Heaven seemed to hear me. I stood in a very furnace of flame. Walls and door and ceiling were all blazing.

They were crying fire in the street now. I heard the policemen's clubs, the tolling of the fire-bell. Why did no one come to save me? Help, help!

The flames were licking up the floor, climbing, twining, swirling through the ceiling. Barbara would be burned in her bed, my dear uncle would perish, and I—I had done it, I!

The flames had driven me into a little corner. They were driving me closer at every instant. I could not see the door—it was a wall of flame. The window was a seething furnace.

"God receive my soul!" I prayed. And then I heard a crash. Something came dashing through the door into the flames. A voice cried:

"Clara! where are you?"

And I felt Edwin's arms about me once more, and was borne through the red whirlpool out into the open air. He had saved me, but he left me then. After I knew my uncle had caught me to his breast I saw him no more. One moment of hope had I had; it was gone as though it had never been.

Ah, that was a woeful night! The dear old house was gone, with all its belongings, and the alarm and exposure hastened my uncle's end. He took to his bed in the new lodgings we found, and never arose from it. In two months we buried him, and I was alone in the world.

A great heiress; for it proved that Uncle Andrew had been far richer than I guessed. But oh, so miserable and lonely that the poorest wretch might pity me! I had not heard one word of Edwin Rushton since the night of the fire.

But six months after, as I sat at work in my black dress, Barbara came in weeping.

"What is the matter?" I asked, for she plainly wanted me to question her.

"I've seen poor Mr. Rushton," said she. "It makes my heart bleed. He that was so strong and bold, feeling his way along like that! You'd cry too, Miss."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Didn't you know?" she said. "Why, Miss, you, of all people! I heard it from his landlady. The night he saved you he went home feeling his way up the stairs. She was frightened, and asked him what had happened. 'I've been through a fire,' said he, 'and I suppose it will pass off soon; but I can see only a red blaze.' It didn't pass off, Miss—he's blind!"

"Oh no, no!" I sobbed. "Oh no!"

"It's true; more the pity," she said, and was going from the room. I stopped her.

"Where did you meet him?" I asked.

"In the Square," said she. "He goes there every night. A boy leads him, and he sits alone near the fountain—Ah, you'd pity him, poor dear!—waiting until he comes again to fetch him."

Every evening! I had no rest until the next. Then I put on shawl and bonnet and went over to the Square. All quiet in the dusk, as it had been on that long-gone night when he asked me to be his; the nurse-maids and the children gone home; the troop of toil-freed laborers passed by. I stood by the fountain and looked at him.

He stood beside it, his soft hat drawn low over those darkened eyes; his hands playing with the loose chain that kept intruders from the fountain's brink. I remembered standing in that very spot. I knew it by the weeping willow drooping over it, and the cleft head of the post hard by—only a little cleft, you might not have noticed it, but I remembered feeling it with my finger as he spoke to me.

I looked at him, my love, my life. He who had sacrificed so much for me, and was bold enough for any thing.

I went closer. I touched him. He started. "It is only Clara," I said; and he trembled all over for an instant.

Then he said: "I can not see you, but I know your hand. I should have known it if you had not spoken."

And I knew he loved me still.

"Edwin," I said, "it was the hand of your promised wife once. It is long since you have held it; will you take it now?"

"Give it to me," he said; and our palms touched once more.

Then we stood silent, close together.

"I have been the cause of great ill to you," I said. "Do you hate me for it?"

"You forget," he said; "it was not *I* who ceased to love."

I clung to him. "Did you believe me?" I sobbed. "Oh, Edwin, I never cared a straw for Frank Hearne. I flirted with him because I thought you indifferent. My evil temper conquered me, and I uttered falsehood. I loved only you. I never shall love any other."

"On your soul?" said he.

"On my soul!"

"I shall be happier for knowing it," he said. "It was hard to think you false. Oh would I were not blind!"

"If you were not," I said, my heart choking me, "I could not speak as I do now. If you love me still, and, oh, I *think* you do!—if you forgive me, and you seem to, take me to your heart again, your promised wife. If not, let me go to hide my shame, for I have been over-bold, and die of my remorse."

He caught me in his arms. I felt his great heart beat.

"It is worth sight—it is worth life!" he said, and kissed me. Then I led him home, through the still streets.

We were married in a quiet little church. Only Barbara was with me, and I wore my black dress. I shed some tears, but I was very happy, so was he. So in the years to come in which we dwelt together.

And still the future held a great joy for me. Years after, when there were young children at our fireside and gray hairs in his curls, my darling's sight returned to him. When the surgeon told me he could see, my first thought was great thankfulness. My next: "But I have altered so. Will he know the girl he won in the faded woman?" But when I stood before him, trembling and fearful, this was what he said, though the roses of my cheeks and the gold of my hair were quite gone, I knew:

"My love, how sweet a woman you have grown! There is no angry temper in your face now any more than in your voice." And he kissed me like a bridegroom, and I thanked Heaven.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

BY MISS WARNER,

Author of "The Wide, Wide World."

CHAPTER I.

"PAPA, please," said little Primrose, "what smells so sweet?"

Her father sat by the table, untying a large brown package; and from it came a strange, fresh, wild sort of perfume; but sweet, as Primrose said, and very pleasant.

"What smells so sweet?" Mr. May answered, cutting the last stubborn knot with his pen-knife. "Why, my dear, I fancy it is some of my new seeds." And selecting a small paper-bag from the heap which now lay spread out before him, Mr. May held it down to the little girl's nose as she stood at his side. Primrose took a long whiff with great delight.

"Oh, papa, how good!"

"Good, is it?" said Mr. May, laughing. "Prim, you ought to be a seedsman!"

"No, papa. But I wish I had a garden."

"So as to plant such sweet things as celery seed?" said her father. "Prim, this is not a flower."

"But, papa," cried the impetuous Lilian, flinging down her book on the widow-seat, and coming to the table with a bound, "there *are* flowers, you know, and we might plant 'em! Oh, papa, won't you give us a garden?"

"If you please, papa!" said another little voice, now drawing near; "there is nothing we should like so much! Only I should prefer to have our gardens separate, because I should wish to keep mine in order."

"There spoke my methodical Clover!" said Mr. May, with another laugh, as his orderly, sedate, chubby little daughter came gently and stood behind Primrose, who had not spoken again, but whose dark eyes watched her father with intense interest.

"One would like a garden to keep in order, and the other to run wild in; and the third— What does my little Prim want of a garden?" he said, bending down to kiss her.

"I should like it so much, papa!"

"Prim would nestle there just like a little bird," said her tall brother Sam.

"Papa," cried Lilian, "will you give us three gardens?—I should like that best too."

"Yes, Lily should be allowed to grow weeds entirely on her own account," said Jack.

"When I grow any you'll know it," said Lily, with great good-humor. "Will you, papa?"

"I find one garden pretty expensive now," said Mr. May; "what should I do with three more?"

"Oh, they wouldn't cost any thing—*our* gardens," said Lily.

"A very excellent sort of gardens yours will be then," said her father. "Where do you propose to get your seeds and plants?"

"Well—just a little," amended Lily.

"Perhaps we could get wild flowers, papa," said Clover, thoughtfully. "And I've got one package of seeds already, that Maria Jarvis gave me. It's mignonnette."

"And then just the ground is so pretty, papa!" urged little Primrose.

"Think so?" said Mr. May. "I must confess I like to see the ground well covered. But who'll dig it up, to begin with?"

"Why, Robin," said Lily.

"Robin has a great deal to do."

"I guess Sam would," said Primrose. "He's never *too* busy, you know, papa, to do any thing."

It was very ridiculous, of course, but—tall fellow as he was—Sam's eyes actually flushed with pleasure at this compliment from his little sister.

"And will Sam take care of the gardens all summer after they are dug up and planted?" said Mr. May, lifting Primrose upon his knee.

"Oh no, papa! that's what we want to do."

"Well," said her father, "upon three conditions I will give you each a garden: First of all, mamma must approve. Next, each one is to choose her own seeds and plants, to suit her own taste. And, lastly, each must keep her own garden in order, after the first heavy digging is done. She must sow the seeds, and plant the plants, and dispute possession with the weeds—all herself. Now, what does mamma say?"

"I say yes, with all my heart!" answered Mrs. May. "But I too shall make conditions—or, at least, one: In each garden, no matter how full it may be, there must be one corner set apart for patience, perseverance, brotherly-kindness, and such sweet herbs; and each shall be well hedged in with the Golden Rule."

"Well, children, now you know the conditions, what do you say?" said their father.

"I like the conditions very much, papa," said Clover.

"They are easy enough," said Lily.

"Mamma," said Primrose, quitting her father and going to lean her elbows on her mother's lap, "what is the hedge for."

"To fence out such little mischief-makers as pride and selfishness and envy; for if they get in they will root up every sweet flower there. And no other hedge grows low enough and close enough to keep them out."

"But, mamma," said Primrose, her little mouth dimpling into a smile of full intelligence, "who'll want the herbs?"

"We shall see," said her mother, answering the smile. "I should not wonder if I came down to the gardens myself for a sprig now and then."

"Well, papa," said Lilian, "we agree. But where are the seeds and plants which we must choose to come from?"

"I suppose from my pocket," said Mr. May. "Most things seem to come from there nowadays. See! here are three greenbacks—a dollar apiece for each of you—how far will that go? Far enough, I think, for little novices."

"Oh, papa!" said Clover, "a dollar apiece is a great deal. Are flower seeds so expensive?"

"All depends upon the sort," said Mr. May, with a shrug of his shoulders. "They cost from five cents a paper to fifty cents a seed, according to circumstances."

"Fifty cents a seed!" said Lily. "I guess I sha'n't buy *that* sort. Spend all my money for two seeds, truly!"

"Papa, did you mean *me* to spend a whole dollar too?" said little Primrose, eying the greenback in her hand as a joy quite beyond belief.

"You are to spend the whole of it. And you will find it as easy to do as possible."

"A dollar will buy twenty papers of the five cent kind—only think!" said Lily. "Papa, will Robin lend us tools?"

"No, no; you are to have nothing to do with Robin. *I* will furnish the tools. Now, what next?"

"How are we to choose our seeds, papa?" said Clover.

"Oh, to be sure! Here is Mr. Vick's Catalogue," said her father, taking it out from his package, "full of names and descriptions and prices. You can study this at your leisure, and when the lists are made out I'll send an order for the seeds."

Prim's eyes glistened as her father fluttered over the leaves of the Catalogue. What pictures of flowers were there!

"How splendid!" said Lily, taking it from his hand, and pausing over a bunch of petunias.

"Papa," said Clover, "I feel too rich!"

"Rich?" said Mr. May, laughing—"you will feel as poor as possible when you have studied that Catalogue for half an hour. I foresee an endless call for donations. In fact, you will be such poverty-stricken damsels, with your one dollar apiece, that I think we had better take up a collection at once, before matters go any further. Mamma, what will you give?"

"Some strong calico frocks, and thick shoes and gloves," replied Mrs. May, promptly.

"A most needed contribution! But tending rather to the comfort of the gardeners than the beauty of the garden."

"Oh, I will give the gardens each a rose-bush," said Mrs. May.

"Ah, that is good! Sam, what say you?"

"A cutting of geranium, Sir, for each; with twine for tying up the flowers, and strong sticks and labels. Also, the help of a knife and hammer and nails when wanted."

"All very excellent and necessary," said his father.

"*I* will furnish advice," said Jack, "in any quantity, and upon the most liberal terms. Also, as Sam says, a well-grown plant of Canada thistle for each garden—just to promote the growth of mamma's sweet herbs."

"It wouldn't promote the growth of mamma's hedge," said Lily. "If you'll furnish absence, Jack, we'll take it, and thank you too."

"For me," said Mr. May, "I will provide the tools. And I think, under the circumstances, that is all I will engage to do."

"Do you mean that you will *give* us tools, papa?" said Lily, with flashing eyes.

"A little spade and watering-pot, papa?" said Primrose.

"You will see," said her father. "If I tell you all beforehand the package will not be so interesting when it comes."

"We can wait!" said Lily, gleefully. "We've enough to think of for one day. Come, Clover, let's go make our list."

"But I think I can not make mine to-night, Lily," said Clover, as she came to the window. "I don't know yet where my garden is to be."

"That makes no difference," said Lily. "Just look at these pinks! Did you ever *see* any thing so grand?"

"Why, it makes a great deal of difference," said Clover, eying the pinks with loving looks. "I can't tell what I shall want. I may have to 'plant out' something, you know; and that would require tall things. Or there may be rocks. Oh, Lily, I'm so happy!—it's so delightful!"

"These gardens will be a study," said Mr. May to his wife. "Clover, what do you know about 'planting out?'"

Clover turned back, blushing a little.

"Not much, papa. But I heard you and Mr. Jarvis talking one day, and I saw something in a book."

"That's right," said her father; "listen, and then apply your knowledge. But go and make your list, my child; and then it can be modified here and there if need be. You will find it a longer business than you think. And I'll see where the gardens shall be to-morrow."

So the three children curled themselves up on the broad, low window seat, and the work began. Mr. May and the boys went off, and their mother sat silent by the table, her gentle face bent over her work.

CHAPTER II.

THE children of whom I told you in my first chapter had been (so far) brought up in the city. Brick walls, and noisy streets, and town sights and sounds, were what they knew best; and it was no wonder that Primrose pronounced the celery seed "sweet," if only by way of comparison, and quite apart from its intrinsic claims. Of course their knowledge of flowers was all in one line. A green-house full of geraniums, camellias, violets imprisoned in pots, and cacti stretching their spiny arms wildly about, far away from their native plains; an orderly hyacinth in a table-glass in a furnace-heated room, or a small bed of the same planted where now and then a stray beam of sunshine slept between inclosing walls; a tall magnolia, growing forlornly between a brick wall on the one hand and the dusty pavement on the other; a wisteria, rambling drearily over a brown stone front in the vain search after something pleasant—all these they had seen again and again. But these are exiles, singing but half their sweet song in a strange land; and every child knows the difference between their captive beauty and the free, sonsy grace of a truant dandelion, that every now and then runs away to see the world, and displays the *oldest* fashions in Fifth Avenue. Highly respectable little dandelion!—nobody ever dared laugh at it yet.

A year before this time of which I write Mr. May had bought a country place, and with the beginning of winter the family had all removed thither, to make it their home. It was not at all a remarkable place, unless for being at once large, old-fashioned, and comfortable—three things not always found together in these days. The house stood back from the road, with a short, smooth slope of grass between, and a simple white fence for boundary line. This fence turned up the slope quite near the house on one side; but on the other, where was the door of entrance, the green turf had even a wider sweep than in front, and the fence stood off at a respectful distance. Behind the house was a large garden and orchard combined, where already Robin was busy with his pruning-knife and hot beds, and preparations of all kinds. For it was now just at the end of winter, and there were days when the very breath of spring was abroad; and the light on the bare trees looked soft and gentle, and adventurous blades of grass peeped out in sheltered places.

The front-door of the house being, after all, a side door, the real front was unbroken except by a large bow-window belonging to the family sitting-room; and as the first floor of the house was but a single step above the ground, this bow-window was something like a glazed porch, having its own low step without, and within a broad, divan-sort of seat on all sides. And now, in winter, shut tight with double sashes, it became the favorite resort of the children. Here they sat with their Catalogue on this very afternoon of which I speak, hardly knowing whether they were most delighted or at their wit's end; for of all distracting things commend me to a well-drawn up, illustrated Catalogue of flowers! Such a bewildering confusion of red and blue and purple and yellow; such descriptions of "snowy white" blossoms dazzling your very eyes; such "blazes of brilliance" that you seem to see; such "very sweet" perfumes that you almost perceive! The colored leaves, the stately growers, the trailing creepers, the vines that mount up like Jack's bean to an enchanted world above your head. People go into raptures over lace and jewels and old china. Well, well, those have their place; but it is not the place of a violet, after all. And they are not heart's-ease—they can never be balm.

"Now, first," said Lily—"oh me, whatever shall we do with these hard names!"

"They are not so hard when you have looked at them a little," said Clover. "Maria Jarvis knows ever so many. See—that first one is easy enough—'abronia.'"

"How shall we begin?" said Lily; "will you take the first part of the Catalogue, and I the second, and Primrose the third? or shall we divide by flowers? Abronia for you, and adonis for me, and ager—ageratum for Prim? Such names!"

"But that wouldn't be choosing," said Clover.

"No, it wouldn't," said Lily, "and we've got to choose. Well, shall we agree that we won't ever take the same?"

"But that would not be *choosing*, either," said Clover.

"Then we'll just have to begin and no more about it," said Lily. "I don't want any of all these first four—do you?"

"I want abronia," said Primrose. "It's sweet."

"Write it down then," said Lily, "but if you take all the sweet flowers, I guess you'll have enough. And that's so little—only six inches high. But I'll tell you what I want, and that's snap-dragon—never mind the other name. Look, Clover, here's a picture of it; and you see they say it's 'exceedingly brilliant.' Oh, I should think so, indeed!—'scarlet and yellow with white throat,' and 'crimson with white throat,' and 'magnificently striped,' and all sorts. Which would you take?—here's a blood-red one."

"I should take this—see, down at the bottom," said Clover, "'best and brightest varieties mixed.'"

"Why how splendid!" said Lily; "and only ten cents for them all."

While Lily was writing down snap-dragon, Clover peeped over the leaf and quietly headed her own list with sweet alyssum.

"What's that?" said Lily. "Oh, I don't believe you'll like that. It's just some common little white thing."

"But see these!" said Clover; "amaranthus, with red and yellow and green foliage. I must have that—they say it's useful for back-grounds."

"What are back-grounds?" said Lily. "'Love lies bleeding'—what a funny name! Prim, don't you want any thing on this page?"

"I'll see what there is first," said Primrose, knitting her little brows; on all the other pages, I mean. Because I get so confused. I think I want every thing; and you know I can't have that."

"Oh, but a dollar will get a great deal," said Lily! "Just look at those asters! I *must* have them."

"So must I, some of them," said Clover. "And there are ever so many kinds. Which one will you take?"

"This first one—'perfection,'" said Lily. "There can't be any thing much better than that."

"I'll take the 'chrysanthemum—flowered," said Clover. "I like chrysanthemums."

"Well, I guess I'll have this little one—'pyramidal bouquet,'" said Primrose. "Because *I* like bouquets."

"Prim's garden will be all six inches high," said Lily, laughing.

"They say balsams are beautiful," said Clover, writing the name down on her list. "And they must have good culture; you see they must be sown and then transplanted, and pinched off. That's just what I shall like. I think I can take pains enough."

"Then you'd better take some cockscombs," said Lily—"'recommended to all who will give their plants good care.' Why, I mean to do that, too, of course; but then I don't want fussy things."

"Oh! oh!" cried Primrose—"just look at these dianthus flowers over the leaf!"

"Dianthus!" said Lily—"what's dianthus? Why, they are perfectly splendid!"

"They are pinks," said Clover; "it says so down here. I never saw any thing so beautiful in all my life!"

"No, I believe you never did," said Lily; "and there are *ever* so many kinds. Let's go all through and look at the pictures the first thing. There's something—I don't know what; and pansies—and petunias. Mamma, this Catalogue is perfectly fascinating!"

Mamma laughed a little at that. "How do the dollars hold out, Lily?" she asked.

"Oh! I don't know," said Lily—"well, I guess. You see, mamma, we are going through just to put down a few of the most striking ones first, and then we can add to the lists afterward."

"How many 'most striking ones' does each list contain at present?" said Mrs. May, looking very much amused.

"We haven't counted yet, mamma. Now, there's something I should like—a 'double green-centred sunflower,' from five to eight feet high."

"That sounds imposing, at least," said Mrs. May.

"Don't you like sunflowers, mamma?—the name's pretty. What do they look like?"

"Mamma," said Primrose, going to her side, "what flower do *you* love best?"

"I am quite fond of primroses!" said Mrs. May, taking the little face between her hands and giving it a kiss.

"And you'd like some more?" said Primrose, laughing.

"Very much!"

"Well, there's plenty of 'em in Mr. Vick's Catalogue," said Prim, gleefully, going back to her seat. "And I'll write 'em right down."

"But, Lily," said Clover, presently, looking up from her list, "mamma has reason—how far *will* a dollar go? It will never buy all these in the world!" said Clover, showing a slip of paper well penciled on both sides.

"Oh! I guess it will," said Lily; "a dollar's a great deal. Let's count up and see. But I haven't written down the prices—never mind; we can turn over the leaves again. There's snap-dragon one—I mean ten; and aster fifteen! how comes that, I wonder?—fifteen is twenty-five; and pinks, ten more, makes thirty-five; and my sunflower is forty-five; and pansy, sixty-five; and my double portulaca— Dear me, *that* will never do!—double portulaca, *fifty!* Why, I must have five dollars' worth on my list, at that rate."

"I've got three dollars' worth on mine," said Clover, laying it down with a blank face. The children looked at each other, then broke into a laugh.

"Prim was wise," said Lily; "she waited. Well, we've just got to begin over again, that's all."

"Yes," said Clover, "we began all wrong. I ought to have had more sense. The way is to put down only what you *must* have, at first; and then write down the price after each one. Let's take new slips of paper, and make a nice list this time."

"Well," said Lily; and she wrote at the top of her paper—"Flower seeds that I *must* have."

"Now don't let us talk," said Clover, "but just go over the Catalogue quietly and *think*." And again the enticing pages were turned over, leaf by leaf.

"Well, this passes all *my* philosophy," said Lily, when she had again added up her list. "It seems that I *must* have at least two dollars' worth!"

"That's just what I've got, too," said Clover. "Papa might well say it would be a long piece of work."

"Mamma," said Primrose, once more quitting the bow-window for her mother's side, "isn't it funny?"

"And are you in difficulties, too?" said her mother.

"I've not made my list yet, mamma, I get so confused between what they want and what I want. I think I'll wait till they have all done with the Catalogue, and then I can take it."

"That's not likely to be very soon," said Lily. "What *can* I strike out! Mamma, did you ever see this bartonia—very showy, with yellow flowers and gray branches?"

"Yes, I have seen it."

"Is it pretty?"

"It is very showy."

"Which is the prettiest, that or pansies?"

"Oh, pansies, if I am to be judge! They are showy and lovely too."

"How nice!" said Lily; "that's just what I'd like to be. I'll mark pansies with my red pencil, as a settled thing. But they're terribly expensive."

"It often costs a good deal to be showy and lovely," said Mrs. May, with a smile.

"I must have my hyacinth bean," said Clover, "but that don't cost a great deal; and I must have some stocks, though they *do*. Mamma, are zinnias handsome?"

"Very handsome."

"I may want those, they look useful," said Clover, with her face full of plans and back-grounds.

"And I must have petunias," said Lily. "Mamma, my head's in a perfect whirl."

"Then if I were you," said her mother, "I would put my body in a whirl, and then give it a good run out of doors. You will not know red from blue if you sit puzzling there any longer."

"I guess that's true," said Lily, with a laugh. "I'm as tired—!"

And the children went for their hoods and cloaks and then off into the snow; little Primrose giving a lingering look at the Catalogue where it lay on the window-seat. Her list was but just begun.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.—"Well, I'm blowed!"

JOURNALISM.—A new Roman Catholic satirical paper will, it is rumored, shortly appear in England. It is to be called *Guy Fawkes*, and will blow up the Houses of Parliament once a week.

An Irish peasant being asked why he permitted his pig to take up his quarters with his family, made an answer abounding with satirical naiveté: "Why not? Doesn't the place afford every convenience that a pig can require?"

The entire assets of a recent bankrupt were nine children. The creditors acted magnanimously, and let him keep them.

What business ought Tom Thumb to go into? Grocer (*grow sir*).

THE CHEAPEST WAY WITH THE LAWYERS—Keep one's own counsel.

Why is Queen Victoria, just about now, like a deaf lady?—Because her Erin (*hearing*) is in a bad condition.

A dentist of our acquaintance says that it is much easier to take the *Tartar* off a woman's *teeth* than off her *tongue*.

How many peas are there in a pint?—One *p*.

LATEST FROM ABROAD.—What foreign town has the dirtiest street?—Mess-ina.

ACCIDENT WITH MACHINERY.—"I've got a new machine," said a Yankee peddler, "for picking bones out of fishes. Now, I tell you, it's a leetle bit the darndest thing you ever did see. All you have to do is to set it on a table, and turn a crank, and the fish flies rite down your throat, and the bones rite under the grate. Well, there was a country 'green-horn' got hold of it the other day, and he turned the crank the wrong way; and, I tell you, the way the bones flew down his throat was awful. Why, it stuck that feller so full of bones that he couldn't get his shirt off for a whole week."

The following is an Irishman's description of making a cannon: "Take a long hole, and pour brass or iron all round it."

One of Gough's stories was a neat hit at those dilatory people who are always behind time. Some one said to a person of this class, "I see that you belong to the three-handed people." "Three-handed: that's rather uncommon." "Oh no, common enough—two hands like other people—and *a little behind-hand!*"

A Missouri paper announced a short time since that the "wife-crop in Gasconada County yielded fifteen thousand gals." The next week the editor came out with an "erratum—for wife read wine."

A Scotchman asked an Irishman, "Why were half-farthings coined in England?" Pat's answer was, "To give Scotchmen an opportunity of subscribing to charitable institutions."

Why is a mad bull an animal of a convivial disposition?—Because he offers a *horn* to every one he meets.

An irascible gentleman lately fought a duel with his intimate friend because he jocosely asserted that he was born without a shirt to his back!

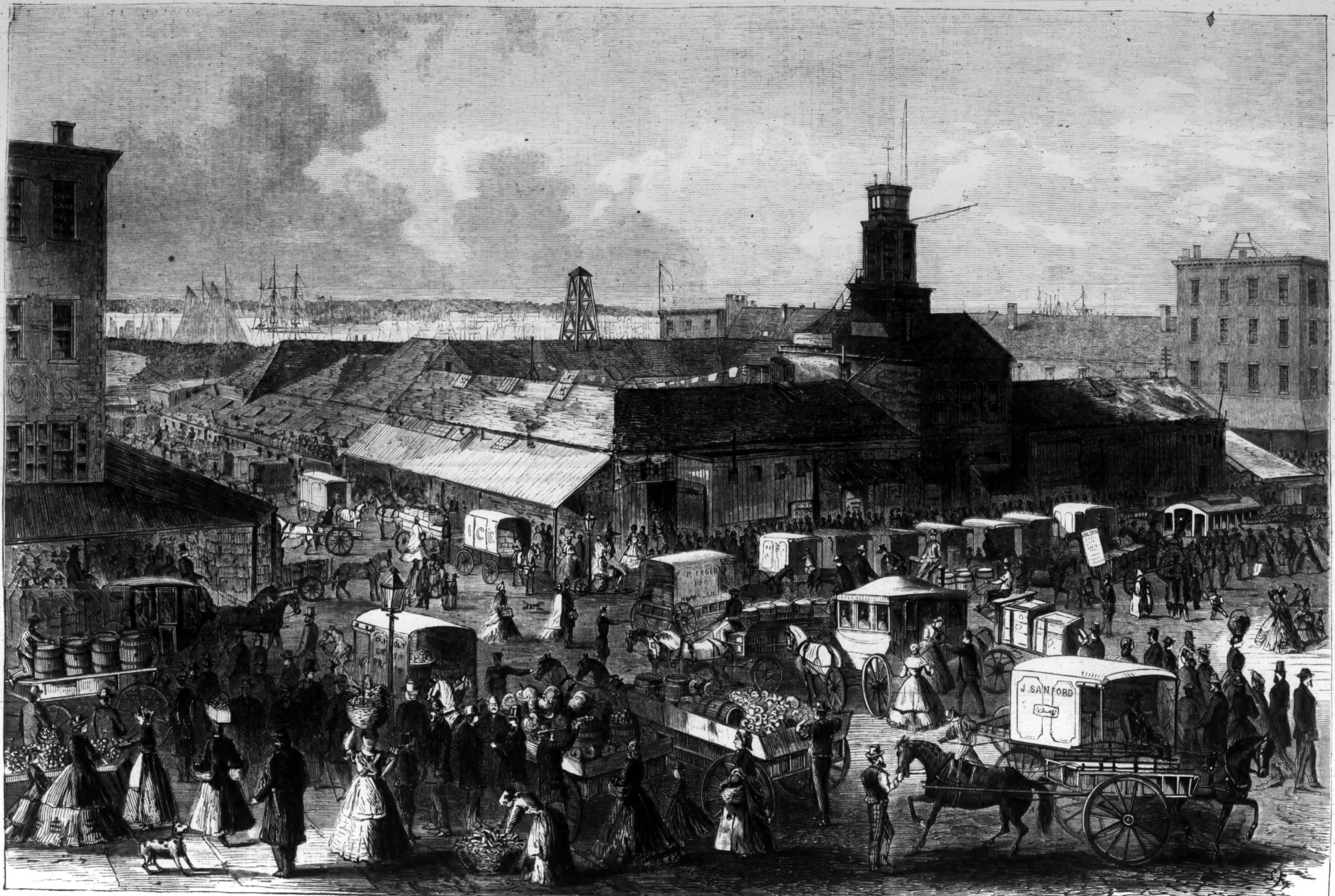
The following purports to be a model medical puff: "DEAR DOCTOR,—I shall be one hundred and seventy-five years old next October. For over eighty-four years I have been an invalid, unable to step except when moved with a lever. But a year ago I heard of the Granicular Sirup. I bought a bottle, smelt the cork, and found myself a man. I can now run twelve miles and a half an hour, and throw thirteen somersaults without stopping."

There are great fears entertained in England that if the cattle disease continues Hamlet's declaration that the "times are out of *joint*" will be realized.

The fellow who sat down on a pin got up on the spur of the moment.

A deceased chief justice once addressed a jury in the following model speech: "Gentlemen of the jury, in this case the counsel on both sides are unintelligible; the witnesses incredible; and the plaintiffs and defendants are both such bad characters that to me it is indifferent which way you give your verdict."

"Belles" call a great many people to church.



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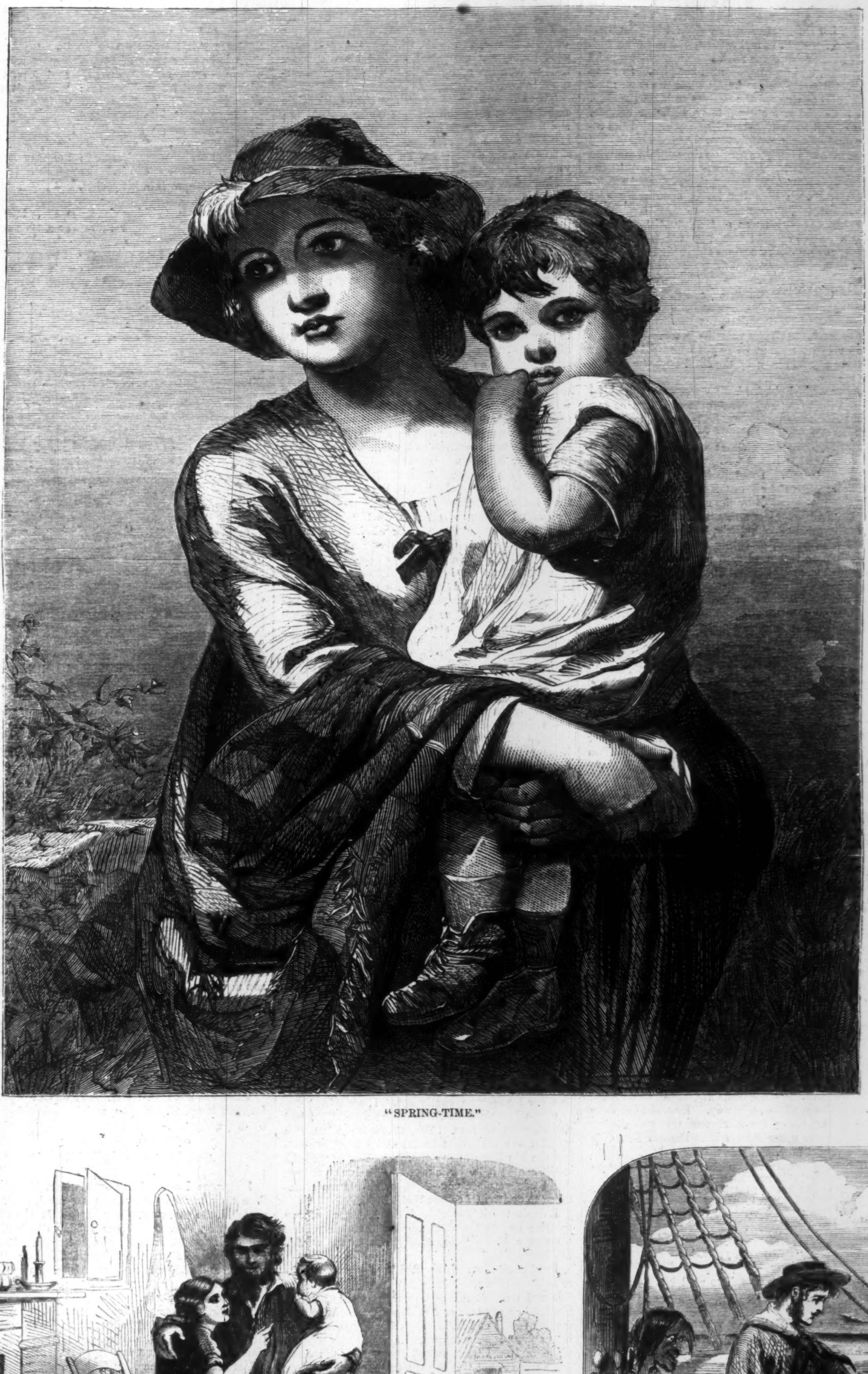
WASHINGTON MARKET, NEW YORK CITY.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 327.]



"SPRING-TIME."

THE BLACKSMITH'S WIFE.

BY AUGUSTUS COMSTOCK.

SHE has a figure trim and neat,
And full of health and life,
With nimble hands and nimble feet,
The blacksmith's little wife.

Her hair is dark, her eyes are blue,
And though her cheek is browned,
An anchorite would smile to view
A face so smooth and round.

All day she labors like the bee,
The blacksmith's little wife,
While round her play her children three,
Bright-haired and full of life.

And all day long, her cheery song
Comes through the cottage door,
While tap, tap, tap, her gaiters rap
The neatly sanded floor.

Her swarthy husband, from the town,
Comes home when day is dim;
For kisses he must stoop 'way down,
Or she climb up to him.

He's just the man that women crave
To shield them from "the wrong,"
For he's as kind as he is brave,
As brave as he is strong.

"You're tired out with work," she sighs;
"You lead a weary life."
"No, no," quoth he, "'tis Paradise,
With such a little wife."

The gleeful fire with ardent rays
Peeps slyly from the hearth,
The tea-pot blushes in the blaze,
The kettle shakes with mirth.

The sleek "grimalkin" purs and mews,
The dog whines at the door,
The pattering of little shoes
Is heard along the floor.

About the smith his children play
When evening's meal is through,
They love to see his pipe of clay
Send forth its clouds of blue.

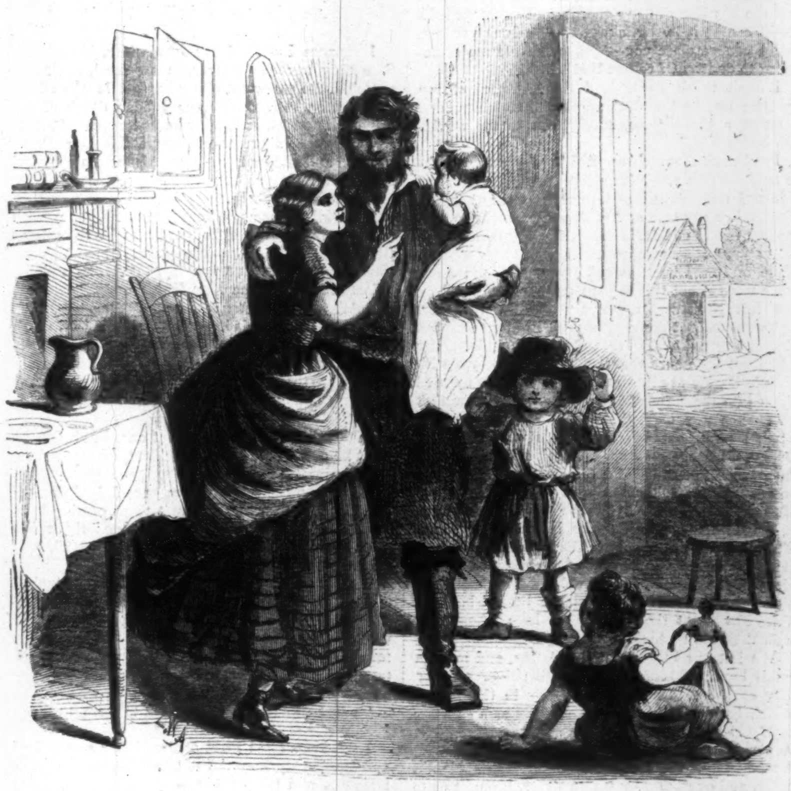
They clamber on his shoulders broad,
They clamber on his knee,
While wife looks on with smile and nod:
And all are full of glee.

I'd sooner be this blacksmith bold,
With such a little wife,
Than have the wealth of yellow gold
That gilds an aimless life.

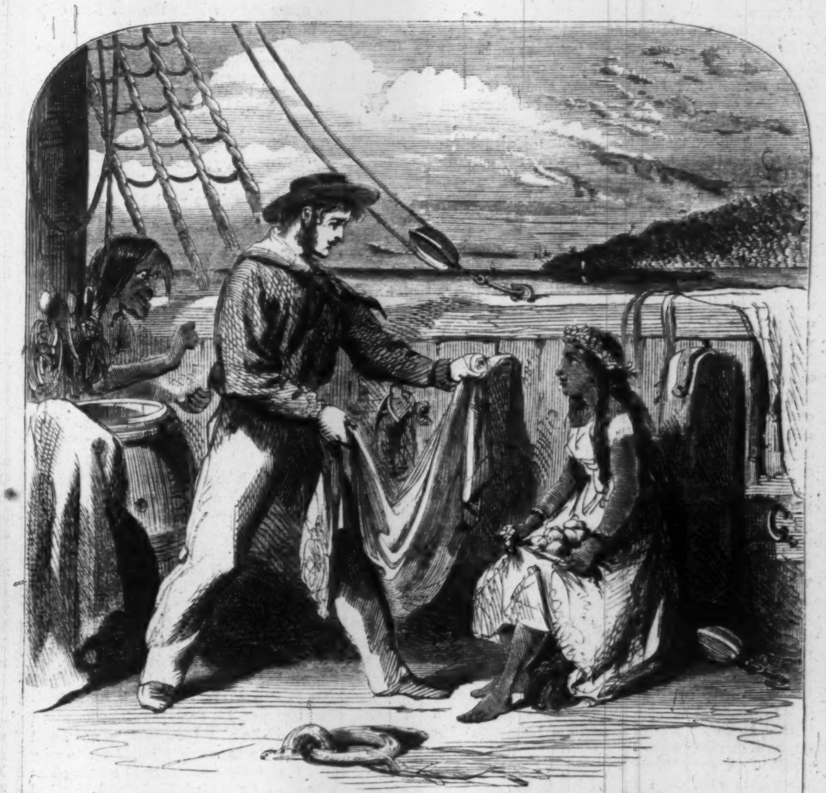
THE ISLAND GIRL.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

AFTER leaving the port of Valparaiso we cruised for several months in different parts of the Pacific, capturing three large sperm whales and a "California gray." The latter was a curious-looking fish, about twenty feet in length, with a long, funnel-shaped head, crooked flukes, and a thin, tapering body, spotted like that of a leopard. We lost a whole tub of line, and one of our best boats was stoven, before we succeeded in killing "Monsieur Gray;" but he rewarded us for our trouble in the end—yielding us forty barrels of good clear oil. By this time the few casks of fresh water procured at Valparaiso were nearly empty; so, as soon as we



"THE BLACKSMITH'S WIFE."



"THE ISLAND GIRL."

had stowed our oil we shaped our course for the Navigator Islands to obtain a fresh supply. Our vessel was the bark *St. Mary*, of New Bedford, commanded by Captain Buncle—a tall, raw-boned native of Sag Harbor, who could fling a lance to the distance of twenty fathoms without missing his aim. He was a thorough whaleman and sailor, equally cool and collected whether battling with the mighty leviathan of the deep or the shrieking typhoon; a large-hearted, genial man, too, well calculated to win the love and esteem of his officers and crew.

All hands were delighted with the prospect of a run ashore. The vast watery wilderness of ocean, unrelieved by a rock or even a floating blade of grass, must eventually fatigue the eyes of poor Jack, how deep soever may be his attachment to Old Neptune; and though his fancy may occasionally weave pictures of rocks, valleys, and even trees among the clouds in the horizon, yet these are not substantial enough to satisfy his longings for a sight of *terra firma*.

As our little bark stood bravely upon our shoreward course we spent our leisure hours in washing and "patching up" our well-worn garments, so as to look respectable when we should reach our island port—for a sailor likes to appear well, even in the eyes of a savage. A couple of clothes-lines forward, extending across and above the deck from the lee to the weather shrouds, now presented a spectacle which was both amusing and picturesque. Old blue jackets with great patches upon the elbows, trowsers of various sizes and colors, Guernsey frocks, woolen stockings, and clean but melancholy-looking shirts were there—all tossing about in the wind, with arms and legs kicking and striking at each other, as if they were quarreling because one garment stood a chance of getting dry before the other.

One morning, however, the cry of "Land O!" wafted simultaneously from our three mast-heads, put an end to our "washing and drying." We donned such of our garments as were fit to be worn, and hung up those that were wet in the fore-hold. Then leaning over the bulwarks, we gratefully inhaled the sweet fragrance of flowers and spices wafted from the groves of beautiful Samoa, the island we were approaching. As our little bark boomed onward through the curling waves our watchful gaze was soon rewarded with tall, sloping hills, covered with cloud-like masses of green verdure, slender cocoa-nut-trees lining a white, curving beach, and the huts of the natives, with the smoke ascending from them, seen through openings in the shrubbery of bread-fruit-trees and clambering vines.

We let go our anchor a quarter of a mile from the beach and shook hands with a number of natives who had come alongside in canoes loaded with yams, cocoa-nuts, bananas, and bread-fruit, which they were anxious to exchange for tobacco, articles of clothing, etc. After our sails were furled we were at leisure to trade with the islanders. From one of them—a gigantic fellow whose only garment was a piece of tappa (cloth) confined about the waist, and whose Herculean chest was scarred with many wounds received in battle—I obtained a hundred ripe yellow bananas for a small whistle, which I had carved from a whale's tooth. There was something touching in the simple, child-like pleasure evinced by the stalwart savage for such a mere trifle. His eyes sparkled, his whole countenance glowed with delight as he turned the little piece of ivory round and round between his thumb and forefinger. He examined it on all sides, then chuckled and commenced to dance about the deck, clapping his hands. Afterward I saw him striding to and fro along the lee gangway, blowing the whistle with all his might, and returning the envious gaze of his dusky brethren with glances of proud exultation. From this man my attention was at length drawn to a pretty, interesting little girl of seven or eight years, who was seated upon the knight-heads crying and sobbing as if her heart would break. She wore a long thin robe of faded tappa, confined just beneath the arm-pits, and around her forehead a pretty wreath of flowers, from beneath which her long black hair streamed in wavy masses. On her lap were several dozen mountain or *mámee apples*, strung together by means of a piece of twine formed of cocoa-nut husks.

"What ails you, my child?" I inquired, advancing and touching her on the shoulder; "why do you cry?"

She wiped her eyes as if comforted by my sympathy, and in broken English informed me that she had not yet succeeded in selling one of her apples. The crew, attracted by more palatable fruits, had paid no attention to her simple merchandise. She feared she would have to go back to her old mother, who had sent her to the ship in one of the canoes, without any cloth or tobacco; and this old mother, who, according to the child's description, was a perfect fury—would then beat her with sticks, and afterward shut her up in a dark hole in the mountain.

I immediately purchased the apples, giving her in exchange half a dozen heads of tobacco and a small silk scarf. The latter I fastened about her shoulders, told her that it made her look very pretty, and expressed the hope that her mother would not take it away from her. She clapped her hands and laughed with childish glee; then threw her arms about my neck, calling me her dear "feleng" (friend), and declaring in her half wild, half gentle manner, that she would never go back to her wicked mother, but would stay with me and let me be her father.

Before I could reply an angry screech, something like that of an owl, pierced my ear, and turning, I beheld an old, fierce-looking hag, whose gaunt figure was enveloped in a ragged piece of cotton cloth. She held in one hand a knotted, formidable-looking stick, and in the other a long wooden pipe. Her skin was of the hue of parchment, her forehead seemed to bear a hundred wrinkles, and the small black eyes beneath gleamed like those of a wasp from a shriveled apple.

"Hi! hi! hi! run from mother, eh?" she screamed, seizing my little companion by the shoulder. "Glad me come aboard—give much beat; beat so no walk for long time!"

And lifting the stick she would have carried out her threat, had I not prevented her. The tobacco which her little daughter now slipped into her hand elicited a screech of satisfaction, and grinning with delight, she thrust the stick into an old belt around her waist, and proceeded to fill her pipe. She had lighted it and begun to smoke when the mate came forward, ordering all the natives to leave the ship. My little girl was obliged to go with her mother. Her eyes filled with tears when she entered the canoe, and as it glided away from the vessel she looked back now and then, waving "farewells" to me with the pretty scarf. I stood watching her until the canoe with its occupants disappeared around a headland; and even then her large, melancholy eyes haunted my mind.

When our watch was sent ashore the next day with a raft of casks, I looked in vain for the child among the groups of natives about the banks of the lake from which we were to procure our water.

Children of both sexes were there, running hither and thither, or rolling over the green turf like tumble-bugs. Many were provided with long wooden spears, which they darted at the little fish gliding beneath the ripples near the beach. The girls were very pretty, but I was not impressed by either of them as I had been by the child with the mountain apples.

After we had obtained our water and stowed it I visited the island on several different occasions, but was still unable to find my little friend; and I felt a presentiment that I should never see her again.

One foggy morning about a week after my last ramble over the island we got up our anchors and stood out to sea. I had just taken my station at the helm when the cry of "Hard up—up with that wheel!" was shrieked by the mate, who stood upon the knight-heads, forward.

I raised the wheel quickly, but even as I did so I heard a snapping, crackling sound, followed by a plaintive wail that pierced my ears like a knife. The next moment the main yard was hauled aback and a boat was lowered—for the bark, I soon learned, had run over a canoe, containing a little girl. A melancholy suspicion flashed through my mind, and with breathless anxiety I awaited the return of the boat. It was not long absent. The crew had not found the occupant of the canoe, but had picked up fragments of the frail vessel, to one of which, caught by a projecting nail, hung the silk scarf which I had given to the island girl.

The poor child, leaving her wicked mother, had put off in the canoe before the vessel sailed, that she might intercept it and be taken aboard to join "her friend;" but the thick fog had prevented her from seeing the bark in time to escape her melancholy fate.

SECOND THOUGHTS.

"Nick, old fellow, tell me what's the row? There have I been thinking you sulky and all sorts of things; tell me—" and I got up and put my hand on his shoulder. "Poor old boy! what is it?"

"Oh! leave me alone. There's nothing the matter; only I'm a fool. Well, if you must know, read that! I shall be all right soon; only I got that this morning—read it! It's my own fault; I know I'm an ass!"

I took the letter he held out, and he twisted up his mouth and tried to whistle "I'm afloat;" but it was a failure, and he added, in a lower tone:

"One can't pull up a ten years' fancy of that sort, Jack, without shaking the soil a bit. Thank you for making me let the cat out; I'm all the better for it. Good-night!"

I was sorry—more sorry than I could say—for him. He was the oldest friend I had got. We had slept in the same chamber at Winchester, and had rowed in the same boats at Oxford, and I could not bear to see him so cut up. I could have done almost any thing for him, any thing—but—but wish him any other answer than the one I read by the fire-light now. It was this:

"My dear Barnard,—You must not think more of the subject mentioned in your letter. I do not speak offhand or unadvisedly; but I do speak decidedly, wishing to aid you in determining to turn your mind from a subject which (you must believe me) can only bring you pain.

"That you may be more satisfied of this, I inclose a letter from my daughter Minnie, who is much distressed at being obliged to give you pain.

"Believe me, yours sincerely,
"T. Darley."

I could not bring myself to read Minnie's letter, so I folded Mr. Darley's up again, and gave them both back.

"Poor old Nick! I'm very sorry for you. I hadn't a notion you really cared for her. Good-night, old boy!" and I squeezed his hand, feeling half a hypocrite all the time, and lay down to think till I fell asleep.

I think that any one who is rash enough to attempt to describe even an ordinarily pretty girl is sure to make a failure; so all I shall venture to say of Minnie Darley is, that she was slight and very pretty indeed. Possibly some critics might object that her lips were rather too thin. Perhaps, too, that her delicately-chiseled features were, at times, almost so colorless as to be almost more suggestive of marble than soft flesh and blood; but in a moment a blush or a smile could warm the beautiful statue into a charming English girl; and any one must have been something altogether less than honest who could watch her, flushed and animated, in the momentary pause in a valse or galop, without acknowledging that—artistically speaking at least—she was lovely.

I really was very sorry for my friend Nick, for I knew how I should have felt that letter. I had only known her six months; he, poor fellow! had loved her for ten years. It had been, according to his own account, his one idea since he was a boy at school, and he was inconsolable now, and seemed quite unable to rouse himself up to any thing. I had the greatest difficulty in stirring him up enough to start for Switzerland; and if it had not been for my mother and sister, whom I had promised to escort as far as Geneva, I am not at all sure that either of us would have left England at all. When we did start he was not a lively companion, and for the first whole day traveled with his hat resting on his nose, without speaking a word.

Fortunately our passage over the Channel was a very rough one, and Nick, who was never an over-good sailor, was compelled, against his will, for a time to turn his thoughts away to other more immediate troubles.

There is nothing, as every one knows, like time and change of scene to take the edge off any sorrow; and nothing, perhaps, helps their effects more than another sorrow intervening. His shocking sea-sickness was, as it were, an awful black chasm yawning between him and his rejection; and when we landed at Boulogne his spirits had risen in a way that surprised us all. We had lovely weather, luxuriant fruit, and amusing company. My mother and sister, who both liked him, and had heard his story, did all that kindness could suggest to cheer him up, and by the time we reached Geneva, after a leisurely journey, he was quite himself again, merry and uproarious, the life of the party; and his confidences to me had been dropped for at least a week.

We had arranged—at his suggestion, I believe—to go with the ladies of our party as far as Chavronix, a solitary châlet, standing in its own pine wood and vineyard, on an isolated marble rock, a little way up the mountains between Bex and Aigle to the west of the Rhone above the Lake. A steamer was starting very soon after our train arrived, so we made up our minds to go on by it the same night as far as Lausanne without making any stop at Geneva. There was not any time to spare, and Nick ran to inquire for letters, while I hurried the luggage on board as best I could. My mother and Nick settled down quietly on one of the benches on deck to digest their letters as the boat steamed out. Neither Fanny nor I had any to read; so we leaned together over the bows, and devoted our whole attention to the enjoyment of some grapes and a light fresh breeze which blew in our faces, and was exquisitely refreshing after the dust and heat of the train. A heavy shower had just blown over, leaving the sky behind it as blue and sparkling as the lake below, and the distant mountains and trees on either shore and the sunny lateen sails of the fishing-boats glistened in the "clear shining after the rain." We had not been very long in that delightful state of dreamy abstraction which the full appreciation of beautiful scenery at once requires and produces by an adapting power of its own, when Nick joined us and broke the silence with, "Jack, when you have quite done building castles up in the Alps over there, I have got something to talk to you about, if Miss Holmes will spare you for a few minutes."

"Very well, Mr. Barnard, you may have him for a little while, as you ask so prettily, but you must give him me back soon. He's very useful to tell me the names of the places. You must get me Murray first though; it's in mamma's bag there."

"I have got such a queer letter from my mother I can't think what she's driving at" (he had carried me off to the other end of the boat before he began to speak). "Just tell me what you make out of it." It was a short note, without any date, and written evidently in a great hurry. I read it through two or three times, and Nick lit a cigar and puffed away in silence:

"Dearest Nick,—We are all in a great state of excitement, and can't think where to write to you; but I think it just possible that a line posted to-day may catch you at Geneva. So I write for the chance to say that you will find letters from Mr. Darley waiting for you at Chavronix, where you said in your last you expected to be soon. James has the gray mare saddled to take this into Heldon, so I have not a minute more to write. Well, dearest boy, you were in low spirits when you left England. Take care you do not allow yourself to be too much excited now. I suppose this news will shorten your trip.

"Bless you, my dear son,
"Your loving mother, E. B."

"Can Minnie have changed her mind?" he said, in a low tone—"no, surely not. It can't be."

"Can Minnie have changed her mind?" I had not thought of that. Yes, that's it: what else could it be? that must be it; and I tried to swallow the big lump in my throat, and said, "That's it—of course it is. Nick, you are a lucky fellow, and I congratulate you—though it costs me something to do it. Of course that's it."

I don't think he noticed the last part of my speech; but he snatched up the letter and read it through again. "No, surely, she never would. It's impossible."

I had worked myself up till I hardly knew whether to laugh or cry. Nick pitched his cigar over the side and watched it hiss into the water; then put his hand on my arm and said, with a coolness that seemed rather odd for a lover, and aggravated me intensely, "It's a rum go, and I don't know what to make of it. I want to ask you one thing; don't say a word about this to your mother or sister."

I left Nick and my sister chatting together, and went and sat down by myself in any thing but pleasant thought. Till that night at the pilot-house I had not been sure that I was really in love with Minnie Darley at all. It was only now, as I stared down into the foam of the paddle-wheel, now that all chance was past, that I was finding out how much I really cared for her. We were nearly at Ouchy. I opened my pocket-book and took out an envelope with a faded violet in it, and threw it overboard. "That's done. She is a flirt, like the rest of them," and I went to see the luggage taken out.

We slept that night at the Hôtel Gibbon, and, after an early walk through the wood to the Signal Hill, which commands one of the most extensive views of the Leman, started off again by boat, past Vevay, and Old Chillon, and the little island, to Ville Neuve, at the head of the lake, whence we took the train to Aigle.

We left our luggage at the station, and made a small boy in a blouse happy with the promise of fifty centimes to show us the way to the house, which had been hired for some years as a summer residence by a widowed cousin with two little girls. A pleasant walk of half a mile up a narrow road, fenced in by a crumbling stone-wall, half hidden in ferns, and overhung by walnut-trees, brought us to a grove of magnificent chestnuts, and through their huge twisted stems we soon caught sight of our friends coming to meet us.

On a table of soft moss close by some rough wooden seats we found some wine and fruit awaiting us, and sat there chatting and telling our adventures till it was time to go in. "There are some letters for some of you, Fanny dear, on the drawing-room chimney-piece," said Mrs. Grey, when we had all met for tea; "I forgot them when we came in." Fanny was up in a moment, and danced back into the room with a disappointed "Not one for me; what a shame! 'Mrs. Holmes,' two for you, mamma, and 'N. Barnard, Esq.,' such a fat one for you, Mr. Barnard; I'm sure it must have got another one in it." Nick took it, blushed crimson, and put it in his pocket. It was from Mr. Darley.

Supper, as every thing else must, came to an end at last; but after supper there was a turn on the terrace, and, after that, something else, which kept us with the rest of the party, and it was not till we were alone in the little bedroom we were to share for the night that Nick could venture to open his letter.

I don't know which was most eager. I looked over with him and read:

"Drayton Lodge, *August* 10, 1863.

"My dear Nicholas,—If you believed how painful it was to me to be obliged to send you the inclosure to my last letter, you will not, I am sure, doubt that it gives me the greatest pleasure to forward that which accompanies this. Second thoughts, they say, are best. I fancy you will not quarrel with the truth of the saying in your own case. I think you had better come here at once on your return. There will be several business matters to arrange, and I may probably, by then, be able to say what allowance I shall be able to let you have. You must be moderate in your expectations at first.

"I hope Mrs. Darley may be able to persuade your mother to meet you here. Wishing you all happiness,
"I remain,
"Yours very truly,
"T. Darley."

Nick stared at me. "Well, old boy, I congratulate you," I said, with a sickly voice, and the knob in my throat bigger than before; "I wish to goodness I could not; but I must—so I do."

Slowly once more he read through the letter, getting redder and redder every moment, till all of a sudden he threw it down into the middle of the room and burst out in a towering passion. "Second thoughts, indeed! and mayn't I have second thoughts too, I should like to know? A likely thing that I'm going to be kicked and then whistled for again, like a dog."

"Second thoughts, con—!" He stopped short and was quiet for a moment, and went on in a lower tone. "Jack, I've been an ass! The fact of the matter is, I don't care a snap for Minnie Darley; but I love your little sister Fanny a thousand times more than I can say. No, stop; don't say any thing yet, and don't go staring as if you had never read Romeo and Juliet, nor heard of such a person as Rosaline; but just listen quietly to me. I shall go right home to my chambers, and stick to the law night and day till I've doubled my dirty three hundred a year, and then I shall try my luck with Fanny. I've had two or three briefs this year, and I know I've got wits enough if I can only stick to it, and I will. I was thinking the whole matter over last night. I guessed you were right yesterday, so I sat up and wrote a letter to old Darley to tell him I was very sorry for his daughter and all that; but that I'm blowed if I'll have her. I didn't put it exactly like that, of course, but I was firm and civil, and I'll send the letter first thing to-morrow morning. I wonder when the post goes? Have you got any stamps, by-the-by?"

I never was so taken aback in my life, and had literally a difficulty in catching my breath. There was a vague feeling of relief with it all. Minnie MIGHT get over it, and who could tell what might not happen then? but the complications before us were appalling.

"Let me see HER letter." It was at my feet. I picked it up, tore it open, and looked for her signature, and read—

"Dear Sir,
"Your obedient servants,
"Smith and Smith."

I suppose I opened my eyes wider, if possible, than they were before, for, in a second, Nick had snatched the paper out of my hands. It was a lawyer's letter, announcing the sudden death of old General Barnard, soon after he had executed a will which revoked a former one, bequeathing his money to build and endow two monasteries and a convent, and left all his property to Nick on his attaining the age of twenty-five.

Mr. Darley was named executor and trustee, with full powers to do as he thought best with the estates till Nick should come into possession. A dozen times, at least, we must have read it through. Nick at last broke the silence. "*Jack, on second thoughts, I sha'n't send that letter to old Darley.*"

I seized hold of his hand and shook it so that his arm was stiff for three days after, and it was a mercy that he was not disfigured by having it permanently lengthened.

I have not much more to tell, and what there is is best told in few words.

Nick left us the next day but one, but before he went he caught Fanny (by accident, he says) alone on the gazebo.

What happened there I am sure I don't know; but I do know that when I met them coming back through the chestnuts, Fanny ran and threw her arms round my neck and kissed me, and Nick paid me double at least for his stiff arm.

Both of them, no doubt, thought it very cruel of my mother to refuse point-blank to allow the wedding till Fanny was eighteen; but, perhaps, on the whole, it was as well, for Nick in the mean time turned twenty-five, and was able to accept an invitation to stand as Conservative candidate for Heldon. When the appointed day—Fanny's birthday—came, I was in full orders, and had rung myself in as rector of Barnard.

I am not a good hand at describing a wedding, and am grossly ignorant of the difference between tarlatans and tulles; but Emma and Edith Grey were two of our bridemaids, and as Nick and Fanny were going to the East, and did not want Chavronix for the honey-moon, Mrs. Grey lent it me.

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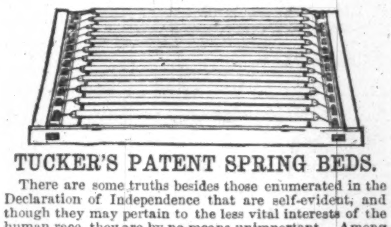

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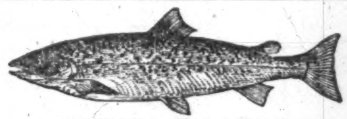

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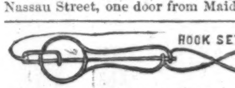

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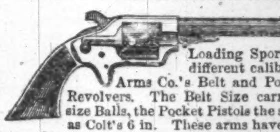

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268 Heavy gold-cased Levers..........	70 to	175
120 Ladies' gold hunting-cased Levers.......	45 to	225
272 Ladies' gold enam'd hunting-cased Levers	55 to	250
135 Ladies' gold enam'd magic cased Levers.	60 to	275
235 Ladies' gold-cased engraved Levers......	45 to	175
263 Ladies' gold-cased engraved Lepines.....	40 to	125
380 Heavy solid silver cased Duplex	35 to	125
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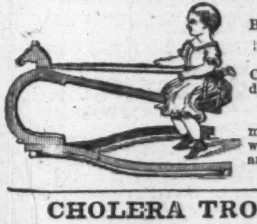

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